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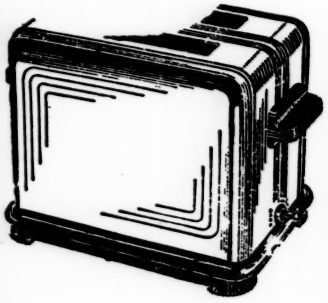

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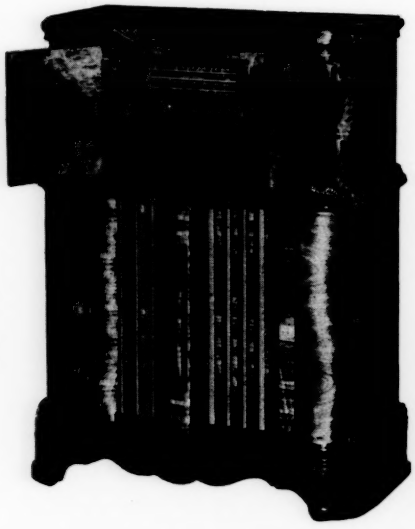

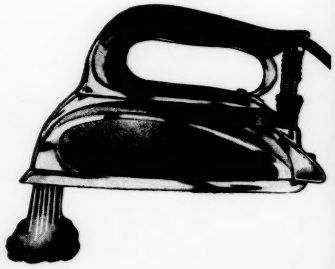

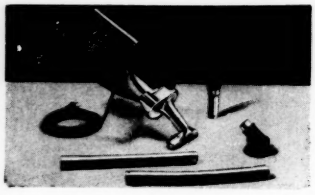

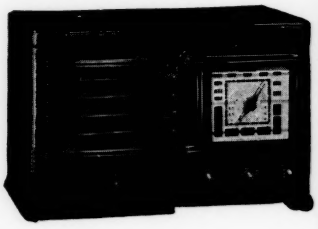

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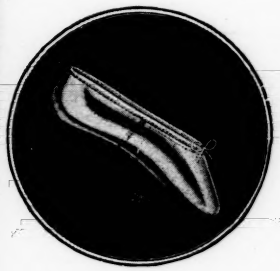

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War years are always big years for the dance business. But in order to reap the profits of the heightened public interest in dancing, teachers must key their schools to war demands.

First, stress physical fitness. Beginning next month with its new policy, DANCE will key its pages to the general public, and give the teachers all professional material in a Teacher's Supplement that will go only to qualified teachers. Starting in the October issue, we will give you in the Teacher's Supplement the finest physical fitness course that can be found for your studio. Month by month we will prepare you to carry on this important phase of today's dance business.

Don't be afraid to devote one hour a week of physical fitness teaching to some local factory, department store or U.S.O. project. It will not only not compete with your business, it will actually help feed your regular classes.

Next—stress ballroom dancing. In every War this particular dance expression has flourished. Organize classes among your parents at local clubs, at your church for teen-age groups. Again don't be afraid to offer a short course of free lessons to the nearest soldiers' camp, or help run a dance for the local U.S.O. It is our patriotic duty to help, and the wonderful part of it is that this will in turn build up the whole dance business and we will all profit.

For your children's classes let the emphasis be on the health and joy that dancing gives to children. This year parents aren't going to spend their money for idle social gestures, lessons that fail to show results, or instruction the children dislike. More than ever, our children's classes must be happy and creative and produce real results in such fundamentals as better posture, more graceful movement, improved manners and more charming personalities in the children. All of these accomplishments dancing can give better than any other activity, if the teacher dedicates her attention to them.

Be sure to keep your school before the public with dignified publicity. A notice of your summer study and travel should be sent to your local newspaper. Invite your last year's children to an opening party to which they may each bring a friend. Dancing games can entertain the children. They can dance some of last year's favorites; and simple refreshments like dixie cups will be sufficient to satisfy the children. Tell them about your plans for this year; show them the new magazine, DANCE.

We are going to dedicate DANCE to selling the public on dancing. Beautiful pictures, timely features about dance events, and glamorous articles about stars will help to keep the children interested in their own dancing lessons.

We are offering the teachers 10% on subscriptions to defer the expense of handling. Also a free subscription will be sent the school for the first twenty-five subscriptions. For the next twenty-five a complimentary subscription will be sent to your local library in your name, and so on with each added twenty-five a little prize will be given.

Miss Cowanova of Philadelphia said she would turn over the proposition to one of her mothers who would be able to make enough out of it to buy her child's dance slippers and costumes.

Miss Terrence made the suggestion that in public schools and universities the dance club could handle the matter.

Teachers and groups wishing to cooperate just drop us a line stating number of students and we will send subscription blanks and full information. The magazine wants to help you promote dancing in your community but we need your help to get the magazine to the people you are interested in. Only in that way can we help you promote dancing and increase your business.

We will continue to give teachers monthly suggestions in the Teacher's Supplement on all phases of their business. Let us know what your needs are and we will do our best to satisfy them. In the October issue we will have the outline of a patriotic recital and dance descriptions of unusual numbers that you can use right now.

This is going to be a big prosperous year for all of us, rich in opportunity to help our country thru the health and joy that dancing can give. Let's go.

Notes from the Field...

Shipyard Worker Once Ballet Master

The Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation yard is the present habitat of Alexander Oumansky, once the predecessor of Chester Hale as ballet master at the Capitol Theatre in New York. Oumansky was a pupil of Ivan Tarasoff. His new role is that of a pipe-fitter's helper. He is one of many former dancers who have gone enthusiastically in for war work.

Ballroom Dancer In Service

Pvt. David Nelson of the Special Services Office at Davis-Monthan Field, Tucson, Arizona, a ballroom teacher when he was a civilian, was entailed to continue teaching ballroom, to his fellow soldiers, after the army had looked into his qualifications.

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PROMINENT DANCE STUDIOS

Pre-Seasonal Note

Mikhail Mordkin's plans for the coming season center around a Chamber Ballet, which is to be a group for weekly presentation of new and classical ballets under Mordkin's personal direction. The repertoire will include *Aziade* (the first ballet in which Pavlova appeared in America), *Sleeping Beauty, Swan Lake, Masks, Coppelia, Vengeance of Cupid, Spring Shower, Les Quatre Saisons, Giselle* and *La Fille Mal Gardee.* The last two named are compositions of Bronislava Pojitskaya.

* * *

Hanya Holm And Group At Colorado Springs

A concert was given early in August at Colorado Springs by Hanya Holm and her company for the benefit of the blood plasma bank. The ballet was concerned with Americana, and was based on American folk songs. Roy Harris, eminent American composer, scored the work which was choreographed by Miss Holm. Arch Lauterer, of Bennington College, Vermont, spent the summer at Colorado Springs working with Miss Holm.

* * *

Fiesta In Toledo, Ohio

The Toledo Ballet Repertoire under the direction of Miss Marie Bollinger presented the *South American Suite* at the University of Toledo annual fiesta. The fiesta this year was given in honor of Sr. and Sra. Jose Perotti, Chilean representatives who accompanied the art exhibit of Chile to the Toledo Museum of Art for its premiere showing in the states. Among those South American dances presented were the Argentine *Tango,* Mexican *Polkas* and *Jarabes, El Burroquito,* and the Chilean *Cueca.*

Like other groups throughout the country, the Ballet Repertoire has suffered considerably from the draft. Within the last few months, eight of the male dancers in this group have left to join Uncle Sam's fighting forces.

CHICAGO NOTES

Walter Camryn has been arranging the dances for the outdoor production of *Carmen,* which was scheduled by the Chicago Opera Company. Ruth Pryor appears as premiere danseuse.

* * *

Walter Camryn also has been in charge of the dancing of the Children's Theatre conducted by the Chicago Drama League. The August performances were *Peter and the Wolf,* and *Ballet Sideshow* with casts entirely made up of children.

* * *

Chicago dancer and teacher Ismond Schraeger was married on June 25 to John H. Meinert.

* * *

Jack Cole and his dancers are again at the Chez Paree.

* * *

Guillermo La Blanca, dancer recently arrived from Madrid, is in Chicago and may appear soon with Mera Mirova.

* * *

Leo Kehl of Madison, Wisc., president of the C.N.A.D.M., is taking a leave of absence from his dance classes to do U.S.O. work for the government for the duration.

ANN BARZEL

Monthly Sunday At Four In Shurman Studios

The Sunya Shurman School in New York City held another of its *Monthly Sundays at Four,* on August 23rd. These informal studio demonstrations have caught the interest of many. In this particular programme, the school presented exercises for physical fitness, also modern and character dances. Several professional guest artists participated in the demonstration. The Shurman school has recently added a new department in Spanish dancing.

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Interlude at the 1942 D.M.A. Convention. Mrs. Anna M. Greene cuts the Dazian birthday cake, supervised by Emil Friedlander, Howard Bachenheimer and interested spectators.

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NEW YORK SOCIETY

The New York Society of Teachers of Dancing are planning an extensive program for their 28th season which begins this fall. In addition to the usual dance demonstrations new features such as Lectures on subjects related to the Dance and Forums on questions of interest to the profession will be offered to the members. The Society expects to entertain many outstanding guest artists at their regular monthly meetings in the Hotel Astor.

The officers for the coming year are: President, Clara I. Austin; 1st Vice-Pres, Franklyn Oakley; 2nd Vice-Pres., George Rutherford; Sec.-Treas., William E. Heck. Directors are: Roderick Grant, Edna R. Passapae, Helen Wicks Read, Ruth Blankenhorn, Clara Kettenring. Heads of Committees are: Program Committee, Mildred Duryea; Membership Committee, Florence L. Topham; Publicity Committee, Hazel M. Ryan.

* * *

The New York Society of Teachers of Dancing, Inc. will hold their first meeting of the season on Sunday, September 20, at 11:00 A. M. at the Hotel Astor. An attractive program arranged by the chairman, Mrs. Oscar Duryea, will consist of demonstrations in tap dancing, ballroom dancing and jitterbug jive. These will be presented by two members, Miss Dorothy Paffendorf, and Mrs. Edna Passapae and two guest teachers, Mr. Myron G. Ryder, of Boston, and Mr. Donald Sawyer, of New York City.

* * *

Two Novelties Created By Arthur Prince

Las Tapanecas, a tap version of the Mexican folk dance, Las Chiapanecas, was introduced by Arthur Prince at the D.T.B.A.'s convention this summer in Los Angeles. It was enthusiastically received, as was his other novelty, *Jingle, Jangle, Jingle,* inspired by the currently popular *Spurs.*

* * *

Marmein Season Comes To Close

Miriam Marmein, who together with her summer company form the Marmein Dance Theatre at Manomet, Massachusetts, presented a programme of humourous pantomime and ensemble dances at Camp Edwards for a second time this summer on August 6, and again at the Mayflower Hotel at Manomet Point on August 20th.

This was the last programme given by the group this summer and it was done by the company on its own, with Miss Marmein acting as directress only. The works given included *But a Woman's Work,* a pantomime by Gladys Kern, *Milady's Corsage,* a romantic ballet by Barbara MacKenzie, *Enchanted Slippers,* a ballet pantomime based on a Hans Christian Anderson fairy tale done by Betty Grimmiesen, *Spanish Dance,* by Elaine Lee, a comedy pantomime by Eleanor de Grange, and six ensemble numbers.

The Marmein summer dance school closed with a technical demonstration on August 22 to which the public was invited.

After a short rest Miss Marmein will begin work on her new repertoire for the forthcoming season, including such promised work as her new *Biblical Suite.*

PROMINENT DANCE STUDIOS

uana De Laban As Lecturer

Juana de Laban, daughter of Rudolf von Laban, is now an instructor at Yale University in the department of Drama. At the onclusion of the summer term, she will present her group in an original composition in he Experimental Theatre. Her work will be ontinued through the Fall and Winter, and vill be required work of all acting majors. She will not, however, abandon her New York school. This Fall will find her among he army of commuters. Miss de Laban made er debut at Yale last Fall as choreographer or the Yale Drama performance of *The Frogs* of Aristophanes. This performance in he Exhibition Pool of Payne-Whitney Gymnasium was directed by Monty Wooley. Miss e Laban is becoming well known in New Haven and is in great demand as a speaker n dance and rhythmic movement, especially n relation to the national physical fitness novement.

* * *

ine Year Old Ballerina Entertains Soldiery

Major Shoemaker, chief officer of Special ervices at Keesler Field, Miss. is never at loss for a suggestion as to rounding out a rogramme for the soldiers in the Keesler ield area. His nine year old daughter, uzanne, is a frequent and popular feature f these programmes. The little dancer is a upil of Jacqueline Fontaine.

* * *

ew Recruits To Ballet Russe From Nijinska tudio

Two advanced pupils of Irina Nijinska, in Hollywood, have been added to the roster f the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe and will appear with this company in the fall. They re Constance Cavendish and Eric Brauneimer. Betty Orth, who is already with he Ballet Russe is a former Nijinska pupil.

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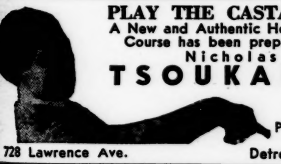
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Scene from the ballet Magic of Night, by Dorothy Ewing of Winchester, Va. Reading from left to right, Evelyn Redue, Martha Campbell, Eleanor de Grange, Judy Beverley, and Betsy Arthur.
photo: Constantine

Dance Magazine Welcomes Lucille Marsh, Editor

Two important Announcements — Miss Lucille Marsh and the D.M.A. To fulfill my promise to the reading public to make Dance Magazine the outstanding, most interesting and unbiased journal in the theatrical field, operated fully and only for the benefit of its readers, I felt it my duty to negotiate a release of arrangements made between the former owner of The American Dancer and the D.M.A. which on the surface made the magazine appear nothing less than the house organ of the D.M.A. Through the officers, Mrs. Green, president, and Mr. LeRoy Thayer, secretary of D.M.A., arrangements were made for a meeting between the directors of the D.M.A. and myself at their New York convention, at which time I laid my case before them. At this time I wish to express my thanks to the directors of the D.M.A. for their broad viewpoint in effecting the release in a most friendly gesture. Everyone understands that Dance Magazine must stand unattached to do a good job for the dance world at large, and in this connection I must stress the point that Dance Magazine is wholly controlled by your publisher. No advertiser or outside interests have now or ever will have an interest or control over policies while I am your publisher. This statement is in rebuff to malicious rumors.

The other announcement of great importance is Miss Lucille Marsh's association with Dance Magazine. After scrutinizing the field for many months, I met Miss Marsh. The Dance Profession Victory Ball was the medium of our association. Miss Marsh comes to Dance Magazine with a wealth of knowledge and ability and I am proud to relate her experience for the benefit of our readers.

Lucille Marsh began her career as a professional dancer with Lydia Lopakowa. She was one of the first to organize a concert dance group in New York City. This she headed as soloist for ten years. As choreographer of such dance projects as The Century of Progress in the Dance at the Chicago World's Fair, dance director of the Children's Opera Company, and the Athen's Opera Season, she created a number of ballets and dance programs. The first dance appreciation course was conducted by Miss Marsh at the Roerich Museum and was illustrated by programs given by leading artists in every branch of the dance.

Among the first, too, to see the importance of the dance in education she introduced dancing into the Smith College curriculum, teaching later at Columbia University. She organized a dance department at the University of Georgia, and finally, taught dancing in every grade in the school system from pre-school thru graduate courses and normal schools where she taught teachers to teach.

She became the first New York dance critic on the New York World and was writing its dance column and reviews when it closed. Continuing her journalistic career as associate editor of MacFadden Dance Magazine, she then became educational editor of the American Dancer magazine, dance critic of Musical America, dance editor of Health and Physical Education, and editor of Dance Digest. Contributing to leading newspapers and magazines here and abroad she wrote over five hundred articles on dancing, as well as six text-books on the art of the dance.

In 1935 she organized the first National Dance Week which has had a nation wide celebration ever since. She conducted the first National Dance Survey and is known from coast to coast as a teacher and lecturer on the dance. She conducted the first weekly dance program over the air as early as 1928.

Her latest project is a model community dance school which she organized in Winnetka to demonstrate that dancing should be a part of every community's social, educational, and art life. Moreover, Miss Marsh believes the community dance activity should include everyone from the three year olds to the grandparents. She has just completed her seventh book on this idea of the dance in American Community Life.

Miss Marsh appears in a half-dozen Who's Who's, and is considered one of the outstanding dance authorities of the day. Her entire career has been characterized by the length and breadth of her vision for the dance. She has always insisted that the dance is many sided, and each school and style is as necessary to the progress of the dance as the other.

It is this broad, comprehensive philosophy of the dance that makes Miss Marsh particularly valuable to DANCE Magazine as its policy is to faithfully present every viewpoint impartially and proportionately, to represent the entire dance field without prejudice or partiality, at the same time that it upholds the highest standards in all branches of the dance. — Watch us grow. —

Publisher

Michael Fokine 1880-1942

The other day while compiling the last editorial copy for this issue, I received a batch of pictures from a friend in Mexico City where Michael Fokine was putting the finishing touches to his new Ballet *Helen of Troy*. A few days later on August 23rd came the sad news of Fokine's death. As fate would have it, those pictures from Mexico reprinted in this magazine, as well as the photograph on top of this page and his new Ballet were to be the last living signs of the man, the dancer, and the great choreographer Michael Fokine. A period of forty-four years of service to the dance art which came to an end may now be called the Fokine era. It began at the turn of this century when Fokine began the revitalizing of the classic ballet which was then guarded as a sacred institution under the leadership of Petipa in St. Petersburg. However, it was not until 1909 and the years following, when under the capable management of Diaghilev that he scored his outstanding successes with his new works of which *Sheherazada, Les Sylphides, Prince Igor, Le Coq d'or, Spectre de la Rose, Carnival, Cleopatra* and *Petrouchka* were outstanding.

Fokine and his work at one time or another has been connected with every institution presenting Russian Ballet. He started his career as a pupil of the Imperial Ballet School in Petrograd where he also served as professor for ten years. He was the first dancer and ballet master of the Imperial Theatre in Petrograd, Ballet Master, Grand Opera, in Paris; Ballet Master, Teatro La Scala, in Milan; the Royal Opera, Stockholm; Government Theatre, Warsaw; Ballet Master and choreographic director with the Diaghilev Russian Ballet and choreographer to the Ballet Russe and of late with the Ballet Theatre.

The writer, as President of Advanced Arts Ballet, Inc. which presented the Ballet Theatre in the Centre Theatre during March

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DANCE

VOLUME XV **september, 1942** NUMBER 10

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This month's cover: Corporal Nelson Barclift, dancer and choreographer in THIS IS THE ARMY, the all-army show.

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VIA THE GRAPEVINE

by VERITAS

Alexandra Denisova, Canadian girl who was formerly a soloist in the Original Ballet Russe, now makes Havana her home.

* * *

Little things bring the war very close sometimes. They bring you close to the changes in your dance world. For years we have been a great fan of the ballet dancing negro bootblack whose stand in front of Carnegie Hall is almost a landmark to local ballet dancers. They all knew him, and he knew them all. Next to blacking boots, spotting a ballet dancer was his chief occupation and once he did spot you, you could be sure he would sing out, "Now, point the little foot, and plie!" Or, "Fifth position, s'il vous plait," and, "Watch me, watch my beautiful ronde de jambe," he would cry, and with appropriate gestures, perform. These performances were solely for dancers, and it was a difficult thing to tear yourself away from this cheerful fellow, who so much loved dancing and dancers. He had a hold stronger than the Ancient Mariner's. Once he knew you, and he got to know almost all the great names in the ballet world, he invited you to sign his visitor's book, quite in the manner of an institution. And that is what Alfred Legonnier, negro bootblack, was—an institution. His little niche under the brown walls of Carnegie Hall is sadly nude of his gladdening antics. Today he performs for Uncle Sam only. His present whereabouts are Camp Claiborne, La.

* * *

A recent arrival from darkest Europe is the German born dancer of American parents, who goes simply by the name of Carola. This girl, who came to America a few months ago, via Morocco and Portugal, and who weighed less than ninety pounds upon her arrival, was interned in a concentration camp by the Nazis during 1940. Her release was effected upon the strength of her dancing, not even the Nazis being immune to her talents. She refused to perform in occupied France or to return to Germany, even upon pain of re-internment, such was her aversion to the Nazis. Her particular forte is acrobatic dancing on roller skates, and she will be heard from very shortly right here at home. At the moment, she is on her way to recovery from the experiences of illness and hunger suffered in Nazi-ridden France.

* * *

Joan Bennett's sister-in-law, Beatrice Wanger, or, as she is better known to her friends and pupils, Nadja, tells this one on herself. Leaving her studio one afternoon after a rather strenuous rehearsal, she proceeded down 57th street, a little pre-occupied and her mind busy with work, when she was approached by an obviously English lady, with a worried look on her face, who said, "Are you lost?" "Lost?" quoth Nadja, coming back to earth with a bound. It developed that for ten minutes the worried English lady had been watching Nadja on the curb, absentmindedly executing inside and outside *pas de bourrées,* and minute *pas de chats,* while traffic lights changed energetically from red to green and back again, without luring Nadja off the curb. She had, literally speaking, got lost. Nadja lists it as an occupational disease.

* * *

The Ballet Theatre has done itself up brown this summer. Besides its June and August seasons at the Palacio de Bellas Artes, it derouted long enough to appear in a Mexican movie starring Irina Baronova. The picture as yet untitled, shows the company in *Princess Aurora* and *Fille Mal Gardee,* both fine vehicles for the Russian ballerina's talents. There have been a few weddings in the company and some minor casualties, all ironed out now. At the time of writing they are getting set to return to New York, with an enlarged repertoire which will get an early fall showing.

* * *

The Monte Carlo Ballet Russe has returned to New York already and is getting all starched for its opening at the Metropolitan. This season it boasts a new conductor, Gregor Fittelberg, who was once associated with the Diaghilev Ballet Russe. Its repertoire, new and old, glitters with promise, as reported by us in the August issue of DANCE. Massine is happily home in the heart of the Ballet Russe, after a short excursion to Mexico City. During his absence, when the company was playing the west coast, his roles were skillfully handled by several dancers. Franklin, for one, danced several. James Starbuck took the *New Yorker* role, and Chris Volkoff that of *St. Francis* in the ballet of that name.

* * *

Further items for the stork: Marie Jeanne is knitting tiny sweaters, also Nana Gollner is deliberating on a name for the Petroff baby. All this news from farthest South America where they are now traveling with the undaunted Col. de Basil and his Original Ballet Russe. Closer to home the Chester Hale's are sprucing up the crib for the forthcoming blessed event. And maybe one reason why so little has been seen of Leda Anchutina professionally this year is that the Eglevsky heir is on its way. From these and other indications, the birth rate seems in no danger of declining, war or no war.

* * *

Patricia Bowman solos for the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company in *Wizard of Oz,* speaking lines, too. . . .

* * *

The wedding bells this month are somewhat deafening. All the way from Mexico City we hear about Maria Karniloff and Borislav Runanine. From Keesler Field, Miss. comes the tiding of the union of Christine Nielsen Fairchild to Paul Magriel, ex-curator of the Dance Archives of the Museum of Modern Art. Ft. Bragg, N. C. tells us about Phillis Kapp, now the newly married Mrs. Hansell Thorn Shulenberger . . . We'd toss some old shoes and rice after the happy couples, if we had any old shoes or rice. Furthermore, we draw the line at tossing old shoes. We've got to wear *something* on our feet, after all.

* * *

After twenty-seven years, the Albertieri school closes its doors. Its mentor for many years, Salvatore Mobilia, now wears Uncle Sam's uniform. . . David Lichine, now in

(*Continued on page* 24)

Elizabeth Waters and the Dancers En Route in a scene from one of her works performed this summer at the Jacobs Pillow Dance Festival.

photo: Hatfield

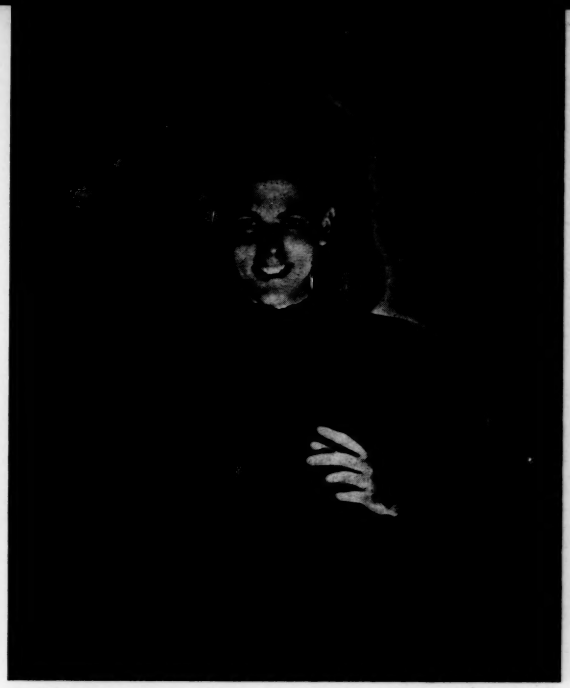
Marionettes That Dance

Everybody loves a marionette. Wooden headed, sawdust-hearted, metal jointed creature that he is, he still can do things that we of flesh and blood can not do. In fact, his limitations are the source of his power, for has not some great philosopher said art is born of limitations? With one thousandth of the equipment of us humans, what capers he can cut! We are amused, then amazed, and finally, a bit abashed at what he does with so little. To a dancer his antics are especially challenging. Movement is a dancer's medium. As a painter uses color, or a singer uses tone, a dancer creates in movement. A life time is spent trying to capture the essence of a gesture, to enlarge its designs in space, and make it expressive of inner meanings. No wonder the dancer envies the little puppet his intrinsic, flamboyant comments in movement.

But do not think you know how a marionette really can go to town until you have seen the creatures known as The Frank Paris Dancing Marionettes. There is a miniature fanned and unfanned Sally Rand, an exotic Zorina, an alluring Carmen Miranda, a high stepping jitterbug, a fleet and sparkling Sonja Henie, and last, but not least, a dancing skeleton whose bones fly back and forth in space like the birds in a badminton tournament.

There is a very deep psychological reason why Frank Paris makes such extraordinary dancing marionettes, and he let us in on the secret. He has always wanted to be a dancer, but being a great big fellow, he never thought he was cut out to serve Terpsichore in his own person. So at the early age of thirteen he made a puppet, a dancing proxy to follow the career he really wanted.

By nineteen he was a professional puppeteer, and dancing puppets of all schools of the dance began to make their appearances; Martha Graham, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Eleanor Powell, La Argentina, Pavlova were just a few of them. In these reincarnations of famous dancers Frank Paris satisfies his desire for a dancing career.



The lad that pulls the strings. Frank Paris, maestro of the dancing marionette.

He has had some amusing experiences with dancers.

When Sally Rand saw his marionettes she just loved them, but took the creator aside and whispered, "Your Zorina puppet is adorable, but don't have her do splits. Ballet dancers don't do splits!"

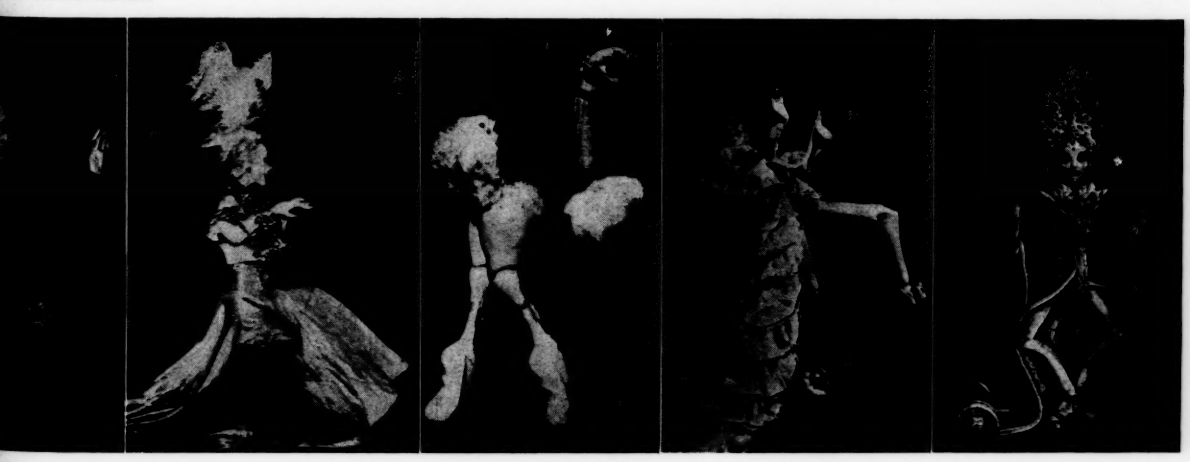
But when Paris arrived in New York and went to see *I Married An Angel*, there was Zorina doing splits!

"Oh, yes," said Zorina, "I do de spleets."

Besides appearing at the Plaza Persian Room, Radio City Music Hall, Los Angeles Biltmore Ballroom and many similar places from coast to coast in the last year and a half Paris has made one hundred and thirty-five marionettes for a full program ballet in which he will have a South American festival, and an under sea ballet, an Arabian Nights feature with group dancers and a ballet line up. This will open after Christmas and tour the country.

(*Continued on page* 28)

And the dolls! From left to right, the Jitterbug, Carmen Miranda, the ostrich ballerina inspired by Disney's Fantasia, Josephine Baker, and the Oriental Dancer.



A Gallery of American Dancers

No. 5 of a Series

photo: BELL

Effervescent Blues, a choreopicture by Lee Sherman, accompanied by Beatrice Seckler.

LEE SHERMAN

by HELEN DZHERMOLINSKA

New York City breeds a race of people quite its own. A distinctive type, the New Yorker. His hide and hair cannot be compared with that coming from other big cities. His manners, speech, his frenzied lunch-counter eating habits, the way he cuts his hair, and even the way he walks down Times Square forever mark him from his fellow creatures in any part of the world. Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, London, Paris, Istanbul, Moscow, all big cities create a metropolitan type. They all have something in common, urban manners, pretty or ugly, mercurial tongue, flippant self-possession, absence of the provincial kind of conviviality that stamps those who live close to the soil, a nervous heartiness of manner that borders on defiance. The New Yorker possesses these unmistakable characteristics to a degree. His clothes and posture and conversation scream Big City. And finally, when he dances he is never quite at home, unless he dances what he knows: Big City.

This is the boy you used to know from down the block, who pitched ball in the street to start with, the boy who traveled a long way from downtown New York, to work in the fields picking berries at no profit per season, to carnivals, barking in Coney Island side shows, dishwashing in country hotels, sleeping in barns, eating hamburgers three times a day when he could afford them, seeking, straying from New York, but always returning, until the day came when he cast anchor, convinced that New York was his *milieu,* and never strayed again.

This was the child who played ball not because he was interested in the ball, but because he could dance with the ball. It wasn't the sport that mattered; it was the body, the design he could make with his body. This inclination persists.

This was the youngster who, released from school and formal education, kept running away from home, as though the Lorelei were before him, luring him on. Kept running away and returning, running away, returning. His despairing parents eventually resigned themselves to his sudden disappearances. They came to expect (hope) that he would desire his return. A periodic Prodigal Son, he. He saw with his young eyes the thousands of adventurers that came pouring into New York yearly to make their fortunes; he reasoned with the beautiful, if oblique, logic of adolesence that since so many of them came here to make their fortunes, he must therefore go outside to make his.

Over a period of years he tried to make his fortune outside New York at nearly every thing known to man, except dancing, which he wanted most. What kept him from his heart's desire? He was convinced by false omens and prejudices that he would be looked upon as effeminate, if he did so. What soon broke down his conviction will become evident.

One day in a Wisconsin kitchen where he was busy manicuring dishes, he ran into a cook who read palms and he told fortunes in his modest witch-doctor's way.

He fairly screamed at the sight of Lee's hand, "I see you dancing!" That did it.

Even the cook's prophecy might have had no power to plunge him back in the hub of New York and its dance activity, had not chance sent along a chum who made a bet with him that he could win a hitch-hiking tour to New York. Well, he couldn't. Lee hit the road in a frenzy of the gambling spirit and landed in New York, shaking at the knees with fatigue, mysterious black specks dancing before his eyes, but—two and a half hours sooner than his chum.

There follows a Daliesque period of two years, of relief work, of disinterest in relief work, of contact with the W.P.A. dance classes, of his meeting with Nina de Marco, of her colossal influence upon his career, of her breaking down his aversion to dancing as a career for a man, of his

(*Continued on page* 26)

Dancer . . . in the Army

by E. NELSON BARCLIFT

The author is a former member of the Humphrey-Weidman Company and well known in the musical comedy theatre. He has loaned his talents to two army shows; one at West Point, called YEA FURLO and at present, the one playing on Broadway, and soon to tour the country, THIS IS THE ARMY.

It has been one year and a half now. In February, 941, I was drafted into the Army. It seemed one of the rayest days of my life, what with no more *plies,* no more xtensions, no more contractions and releases, and no more areer.

Today, my outlook is different. My feelings have under-one a definite change. The Army is home to me, and since ne declaration of war I should have enlisted without any ompunction or hesitation.

The morning I became a soldier, however, all the things had spent years developing seemed suddenly to crumble. roducers were gone; now there were captains. Directors ecame lieutenants. Sergeants were now the teachers, and e agents were corporals finding work for me without the ual 10%. And plenty of work to be found. My first ilitary duty was building a fire to keep an officer warm. used soft coal instead of the proper hard, and succeeded laying such an excellent smoke screen, that it was im-ssible for the officer to find me to give me hell. After is complete failure as Special Service man, I was shipped Ft. Benning, Georgia, for training.

Most dancers think that they're well-disciplined. I ought I was, until Uncle Sam got me. Now it's up at 00 A.M., and work until 4:30 in the afternoon, orders om everyone, no choice about anything and being bawled ut if anything is the least bit wrong. I found that to be good soldier, all individuality must be lost. How I missed ibertina and her stick! I would think about rehearsals r "Lady in the Dark" with Mme. pleading with us to raighten our leg and get it just three inches higher. Now s a Sergeant yelling, "Fall in, fall out"! "Change into tigue clothes, change back to O D's"! "That line is ooked"! "Fall out and look at that line"! "Hide behind at god-damned tree, or you'll get your god-damned head ot off"! "Present arms will be done in the following manner:"—"Hep! Toop! Wipe that smile off your face—that ain't funny!—that's pitiful!"

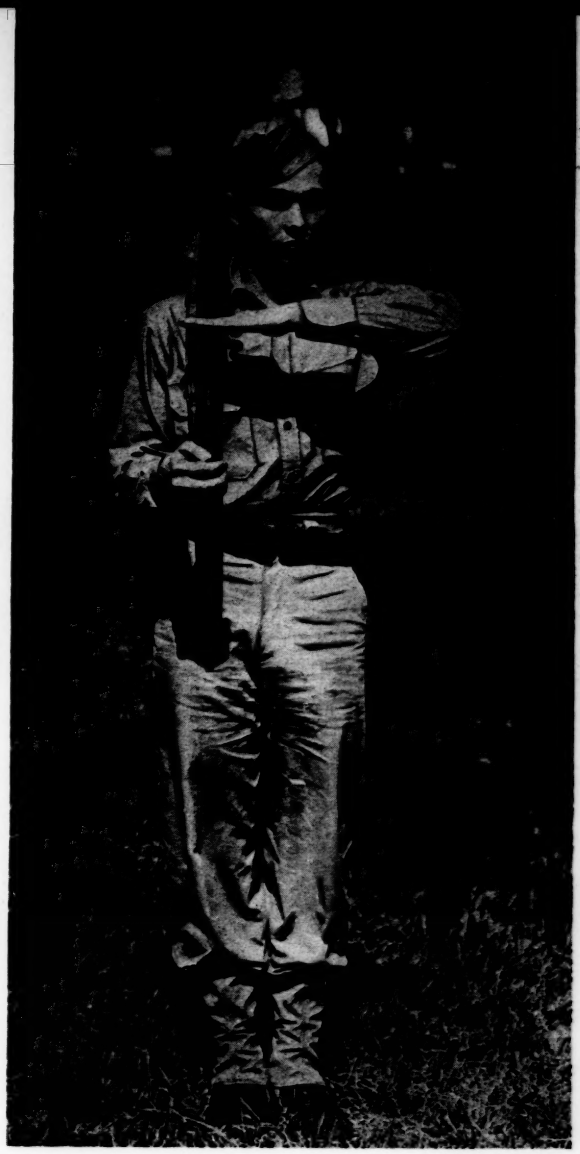


photo: U. S. Army

Shoulder Arms! Nelson Barclift, dancer, responds to the command.

During the 13-week training period, the soldier works on a planned schedule that varies little except that new classes are added each week. Classes include close order drill, callisthenics, hygiene and first aid, camouflage, cover and concealment, extended order drill, training with rifle, hand grenade, bayonet and machine gun (I was attached to the Infantry), elements of chemical warfare, map reading, scouting, and care of equipment. At first it seems a difficult schedule, but by the second week you become accustomed to it and begin looking around for something to do in the evening. We were 14 miles from the nearest town and not having a car, transportation became a problem that was usually left unsolved. There was a movie house on the post, but it had some sort of contract with the distributors of "B" pictures. The only thing left was the Service Club

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Egyptian Dancer, by Malvina Hoffman. photo: Courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries

Sculptured Dance

by LUCILLE MARSH

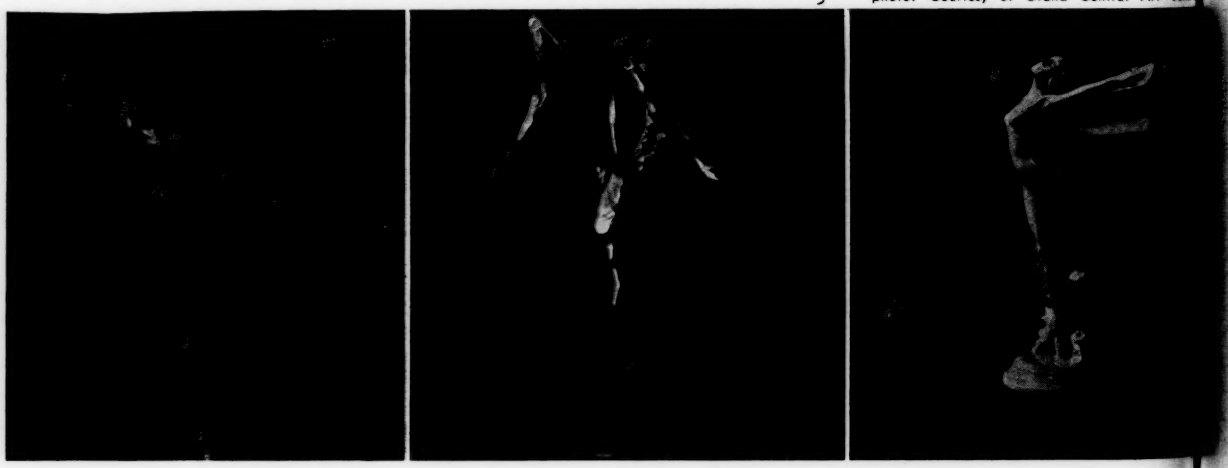
Dancing has been called moving sculpture; and sculpture, crystalized dance. Both arts have their being in space, and their triumph in its mastery.

You will always find dancers at sculpture exhibits, and sculptors declare dancers their favorite models. Nor does it matter whether it is a modern dancer, ballet, tap, folk, adagio or oriental dancer. If they are good dancers they will create beautiful three dimensional designs, and that is the essence of sculpture.

Isadora Duncan spent many hours in the museums of the world seeking inspiration for her dancing and, in fact, incorporated a number of sculptured pieces in her dances. She believed that young dancers should be surrounded by masterpieces of sculpture so that they would absorb the sense of beautiful line, position and proportion that is the quality of all fine sculpture.

Pavlowa was not only the inspiration for many sculptured works of art, but she, herself, modeled in her spare moments. The photograph of one of her pieces shows she was not unsuccessful in this medium.

From left to right: Jacques Cartier in Spear Dance, by Brenda Putnam. One Arm Put Up, by Beatrice Fenton. Dragonfly, by Anna Pavlova.
photo: Courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries



Many teachers today have little sculptured pieces in their udios for artistic decoration. Miss Lampkin of Athens, eorgia, has beautifully mounted photographs of sculpture sterpieces all around her studio for the children to see d dance.

All children play the game of statue in which they swing ch other around into position of "statues". This makes charming motivation for a dance. The children work rd trying to be perfect replicas of the real statues. This o makes a splendid motivation for balance practice, for, fter all, statues have to stand perfectly still even on only e foot.

Some progressive teachers have a group of statues for ch age. The cute baby sculpture for the nursery school age ives charming motivation of child interest. For instance, aby Fountain by Talbot; Ouch by McLeary; Skipping hild by Putnam; Fountain Sprinkler by Eberle.

There are a number of inspiring adolescent pieces that e teen ages enjoy especially, such as Dancing Woman by rahar; Crescent Moon by Talbot; Extase by Frishmuth; llagresse by Vonnoh; Flower Holder by Jewett.

In your collection don't forget to have an athletic group f male statues. Your boys will delight in giving replicas f them for their school gymnasium stunts. It's quite the ogue now to have the boys make up as bronze or marble gures and present half minute tableaux of famous athletic culpture. If you also have the boys include rhythmic movements of sports in these exhibitions it will double their ffectiveness.

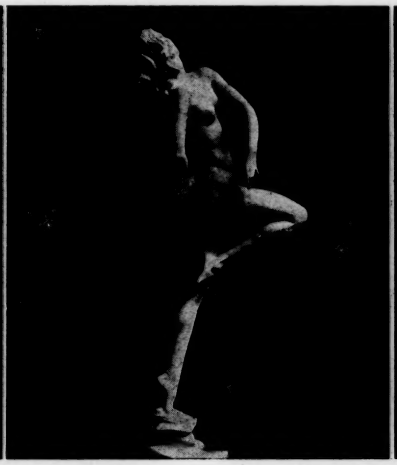
A group of the great romantic sculpture of the world makes a delightful background for a dance interpretation f the classic story of Galatea and Pygmalion. It has been done very effectively by having a marble like figure veiled n a pedestal up center stage. The sculptor enters, unveils the statue, and it comes to life. Follows a romantic duet which incorporates such famous pieces as: The Kiss by Talbot; The Kiss by Korbel; Springtime by Rodin; Fantasy by Frishmuth; The Dancers by Frishmuth.

The arts of sculpture and dance will always be closely allied giving each other mutual inspiration. The dancers bringing the sculptured forms to momentary life in movement, the sculptors immortalize the dance in marble.

Those further interested in the relation of sculpture and dance will find the following books of interest: Famous Bronzes published by Gorham & Company, Dance in Art by Lucy Lampkin, published by J. Fischer Bro.

photos: Courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries

Dancer, Laughing Waters, and Nymph and Satyr, three sculptures by Harriet Frishmuth. Above right: Fountain Figure by Beatrice Fenton.



MORLACCHI'S
BALLET
TROUPE

Ballerina and Plainsman

The Incredible Romance

by LILLIAN MOORE

When Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack arrived in Chicago in the autumn of 1872, to begin their first venture in the theatre, they were perhaps the two most flagrantly incompetent gentlemen ever to be engaged as "stars" because of the box-office value of their names. Fresh from the Western plains, where they had won considerable fame because of their prowess in capturing buffalo, wild horses, bandits, and Injuns, they had scarcely seen a play, and had certainly never appeared in one. It was Ned Buntline who had enticed them out of the comparative peace of the Wild West and into the glare of the limelight. Buntline had already won considerable success in New York with the stories and plays he had built around the character of Buffalo Bill. He was convinced that a small fortune could be gathered by presenting Bill Cody on the stage.

Hitherto the Indian fighter had simply laughed at the idea. His best friend, Texas Jack, was easier to convince. He even showed signs of stage fever. It was he who finally persuaded Cody to accept Buntline's strange proposal. Fate must have been prompting Jack, for in the world of the theatre he was to find a wife as well as a career.

The would-be matinee idols arrived in Chicago somewhat unexpectedly. Buntline had not actually believed that they would come. As a matter of fact, he had made not the slightest preparation for their debut. That insignificant circumstance, however, did not worry him in the least.

His first move was the engagement of a press agent, one Major John M. Burke, an old admirer of Bill Cody who later became his manager and life-long friend. Next he rented a theatre, stipulating the following Monday as opening night. When Bill and Jack learned that they were to appear in less than a week, they became somewhat panicky.

"What will we have to do?" they asked anxiously, "Will we have to make long speeches?"

Buntline scratched his head reflectively. "Well, as a matter of fact," he admitted, "I don't know. The play isn't written yet. But don't worry, I can write it tomorrow morning. In the afternoon I'll hire the company."

The lithograph on the left is one of the few in existence of the Italian ballerina Giuseppina Morlacchi. Reproduced by courtesy of Lillian Moore.

Only known likeness of John O'Mahundro, otherwise known as Texas Jack. Reproduced by courtesy of the Harvard Theatre Collection

He dashed off *The Scouts of the Prairie* in four hours. A cynical critic remarked that, considering the literary merit of the piece, he didn't see why it had taken so long. This little quip failed to prevent the triumphant success of the play.

That afternoon Buntline gave Bill and Jack their respective parts, and locked them in their suite at the hotel with instructions to learn their roles before he returned. Then he went out to engage a supporting cast. The two cowboys, left alone with a formidable pile of manuscript, tackled their task with grim determination.

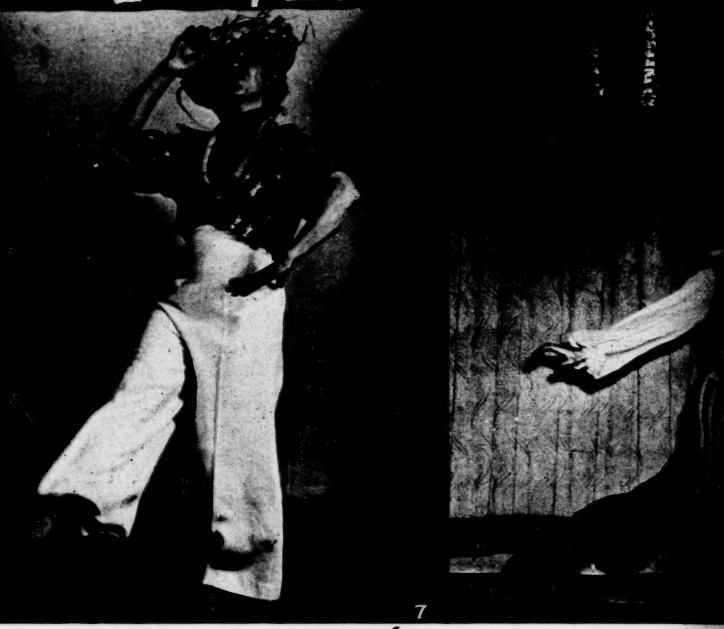
Buntline returned a few hours later, elated at the unexpected success of his search. He had just engaged as featured artist the celebrated ballerina Giuseppina Morlacchi, whose twinkling toes were the toast of New York. What is more, she had agreed not only to dance, but to undertake her first speaking part, that of the Indian maiden Dove Eye.

"And now that that's settled, boys," Buntline concluded, "Let's hear how you are getting along with your parts."

Texas Jack volunteered to try first. Rising and assuming a properly impressive attitude, he proceeded to declaim his role in stentorian tones. He began at the beginning and plowed on without pause. Cues, entrances and exits, and stage business just didn't exist. Since he showed every indication of proceeding in this original manner to the end of the drama, Buntline was obliged to interrupt him.

"Wait a minute," he protested, "Don't you know that this is *dialogue?* You say a line and Bill answers you. Dove Eye comes in, and so on—"

(*Continued on page* 26)



DANCING STARS PERFORM AT HOTEL NEW YORKER SHOW SPONS

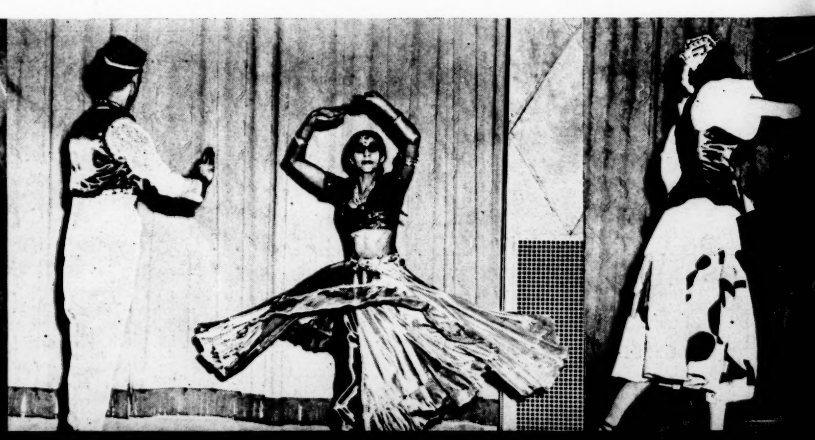
The 1942 convention of Dancing Masters of America, Inc. at the Hotel New Yorker was highlighted by any number of brilliant events, not the least of which was the show on August 4, sponsored by the Association for the Advancement of the Dance. It was a gala spectacle, attended by a capacity audience of visiting and resident teachers and their friends, and cheered by all.

The concert, for it was of concert calibre, boasted a galaxy of performers most of whom are headliners, and others who will certainly be heard from, if their talents as displayed are any indication. The most obviously missing item on the programme was the well beloved tap dancer, and this failing was apologized for by the inimitable master of ceremonies, Joey May, who said:

"And—if anybody here wants to know *why* there isn't any tap dancing, just watch those boards jump up and hit me in the teeth, the next time I make my exit."

Beginning above left, the performers are as follows:

1. **The Margo Mayo Square Dance group in one of its rousing American square dances.**
2. **Two members of the Swoboda Concert Group in a number called Arabesques, very svelte in line and reeking with aplomb. They are the Mlles. Gertruda Swobodina a Norma Slavina.**



NSORED BY ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE DANCE

3. The girl with the rubber limbs, we do mean that young acrobatic star, none other than Miriam La Velle who danced Deep Purple as very few ever have. She is currently at Radio City Music Hall and has been seen last season in Priorities of 1942.

4. A ballroom duo called Alex and Alexandra, also members of the Swoboda Concert Group, whose brightly nimble dancing brought cheers.

5. Marian Lawrence in a performance of a Hindu dance showed the mastery of an exotic art of which she has great knowledge, having studied with no less a master than Uday Shan Kar. She has recently been seen with Jack Cole and his company.

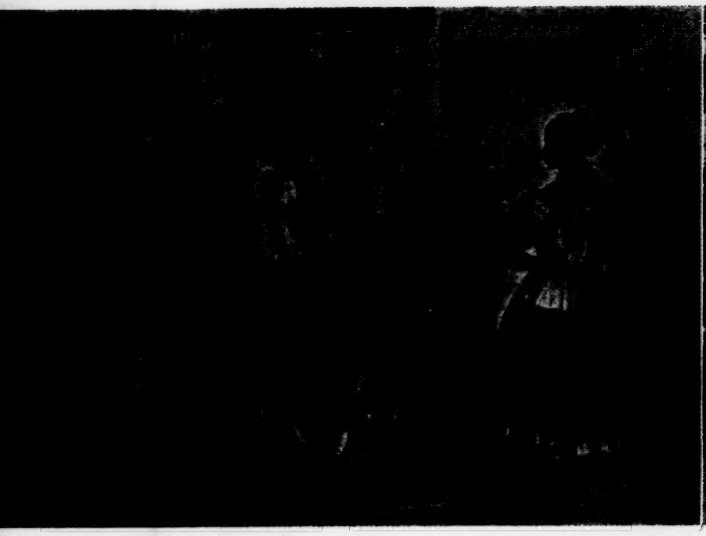
6. Two youngsters well known on Broadway, the team of Sonia and Lenora, who danced with exuberance and great comic flair a jota called El Madre del Cordero.

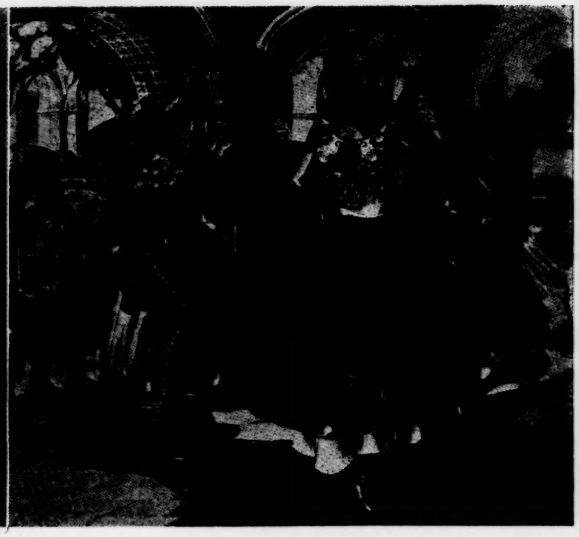
7. The American born girl who went to Hawaii and came back bearing the torch for Hawaiian dance is Huapala, who appeared in two of her authentic interpretations of Polynesian dances.

8. Alfred Danieli accoutred in Gaucho costume appeared in an Argentinean dance called Malambo, which is taken from his suite called Ballet de las Americas, recently given its New York debut. Mr. Danieli is a former member of the American Ballet and Ballet Theatre.

9. Two ballet luminaries who brought the house down, and literally

(Continued on page 30)





photos: by courtesy of Kamin Dance Bookshop and Mexican Bureau of Information

The China Poblana costume which has become accepted universally in Mexico as the national costume is worn in performances of Mexico's national dance, Jarabe Tapatio. Its history is recorded below. The prints above show an interesting evolution of the China Poblana costume. On the left, circa 1855; on the right, circa 1942. Picture on the left is called Rancheros y Chinas de Puebla; artist unknown. On the right appears a reproduction of a water colour by A. X. Pena, Mexican artist.

The Story of a Mexican Costume

by MARILUZ CARMONA

The days of piracy in the South Seas, when the name of Sir Francis Drake, Thomas Candish and the Dutch pirate, Spielberg, were whispered about in awe, were the days that gave Mexico one of her most colourful figures.

It is the last third of the eventful 17th century, one beautiful summer day, such as only Acapulco knows, and the old green walls of the Fortaleza de San Diego are sheltering a mass of surging people. At the mast on the turret the proud lion of Castilla is also waving its red and yellow background, jealousy guarding the coat of arms of the Reyes Catolicos of Spain. There is reason to celebrate. The Nao from China that left Manila six months ago has just been sighted. She brings spices and silks and jewels for the Viceroy of Spain, but this time the Nao from Manila brings a richer cargo. Out of the ship steps a lovely, a most unusually pretty Chinese girl. Never had Acapulco seen an oriental woman before; never had it seen a richer, or more sparkling dress, so bewitching with its thousand colored lights. She wore a red flannel skirt covered with spangles in capricious design, white blouse, richly embroidered with all the colours of the rainbow, her feet enclosed in dainty green slippers, and her jet black hair tied with a red ribbon. The admiring people of Acapulco called her "La China". The Chinese Girl. They knew her by no other name. Who was she? The story said pirates had stopped her ship, and after robbing it of its gold, had carried its passengers as slaves to Manila. Her name was supposed to have been Mirra, and she was said to be of noble birth, a princess descended from the great Mogul of China.

A wealthy Spanish merchant who made frequent trips between Manila and Acapulco had purchased her. He brought her to Acapulco where he sold her at great profit to the honorable captain and merchant of the city of Puebla, Dona Jose Manuel Sosa. He in turn brought his royal slave to Puebla where she became a most popular figure and whose peaceful citizens could speak of nothing else. Her fame spread to Mexico City, where her appearance caused a near riot. She became known in Mexico City as the "China Poblana", i.e., the chinese girl from Puebla, and was called that henceforth. Everywhere in Mexico, women copied her brilliant costume, and the flaming skirt and white blouse became the most fashionable in the feminine world.

Don Jose Manuel Sosa gave her freedom to her, and had her baptized in the church of San Angel Analco by the curate Don Francisco Valdes y Sierra, who gave her the name of Dona Catarina de San Juan. Senor Maria de Jesus Tomellin instructed her into the Catholic religion and Spanish language as well. She became a pious citizen, kind and charitable, and was popular with the poor and sick. It was a usual sight to see her in the poorest homes lending some help to the needy.

In the church of "La Compania" in the city of Puebla besides the richly carved door that leads from the "presbiterio" to "la sacristia" and inbedded in the wall, there is a marble placque that marks her place of rest. Inscribed in Latin, the placque reads:

Here lies Dona Catarina de San Juan, whom the Mogul gave to this earth,
And Puebla to the Heavens.
She was popular because she was Good.
She lived 88 *years and died in this year of God,* 1688.

The Ballet Theatre in Mexico

Intimate Snapshots Behind the Scenes

Mexican pictures of Ballet Theatre artists. They all seem to say, "Having Wonderful Time. Wish you were here."

The Ballet Theatre this summer made history at the historic Palace of Fine Arts in Mexico City. In addition to its two seasons, it has been all abristle with daily rehearsal. Well, maybe they took a day or two off to take these pictures.

The summer's work has been productive of several new additions to its already magnificent repertoire. This season is signal as having seen the rehearsal of Michael Fokine's last work before his death, *Helen of Troy*. Leonide Massine, on vacation from the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe has been preparing a ballet to the Tschaikowsky Piano Trio, and Antony Tudor a ballet to the Tschaikowsky *Romeo and Juliet*, among other works.

Here we have from one to twelve, the following:

1. Lucia Chase on a shopping expedition.
2. Leonide Massine, somewhat the worse for supporting what is known as a torino. This object is used in festivals and processions.
3. Alicia Markova and a Mexican friend smile for the photographer.
4. Lucia Chase, Irina Baronova and Galina Razoumova bask in the Mexican sunlight, and apparently without protest.
5. The fair at Cuernavaca. Madame and Michael Fokine, accompanied by Lucia Chase (foreground) and Irina Baronova (background) visit the cobbler's booth.

(*Continued on page* 30)

photo: Army Air Corps, Sheppard Field, Texas. Courtesy of Pvt. L. T. Carr

Soldiers will dance. You can see this scene almost anywhere in these United States today. U.S.O. and other organizations have encouraged closer contact between the man in uniform and recreational dancing.

Dance and War

by JOY RICHARDS

It is not a coincidence that one thousand new dance halls were opened in Paris during the French Revolution, that England and France both danced thru the Battle of Waterloo, and the whole new dance movement of today was born during the World War.

Whenever the world is in trouble, its distraught people turn instinctively to the dance. That is because dancing is one of Nature's pet cures for sickness, whether it be mental, physical or social sickness.

During the depression social workers all over the country reported the dance the best form of recreation for rehabilitating the unemployed.

As one official expressed it, "Dancing is not only a fine natural physical rebuilder, but it has the added power to reawaken hope, joy, and courage in the human heart. These are the essentials of what we call morale."

First, we will want our soldiers to dance. Dancing parties in attractive halls with sweet, pretty dancing partners and gay, romantic music will carry our boys happily thru those empty hours in which fatigue, loneliness and despair threaten to overwhelm them.

There is a deep healing power in just moving rhythmically. It reduces fatigue, relaxes overwrought nerves, and changes the point of view from the drudgery psychology to the play spirit. To add to these fundamentals, there is the further release in dancing to good music, to say nothing of the happy stimulus of the sociability of the dance floor.

One of the boys wrote home, "Don't imagine war is all work, and blood, and tears. There is a romantic and adventurous side of war that quite evens things up."

Then what do you suppose he described? A dancing party that his troop had been given. Yes, we must see to it that our boys are given the opportunity to dance whenever they get a chance. It will help them to keep their faith in the joy of life.

But it isn't only our boys in uniform who need the lift that dancing can give. The workers in our factory come off the job with tense nerves, cramped muscles, and a dulled zest for life. Miss Cagey of Kansas City tells us that when she volunteered her services to help one of the big airplane factories put on a recreational dance show, she was amazed how eagerly the workers came to rehearsal after their gruelling eight hour day. She was also surprised how rested and happy they seemed after the dance practice hour. Here is a real chance to keep up the morale of our workers.

Because dancing is the art of movement, it holds the secret of making life movements with more ease, accuracy and speed. For instance, a dancer knows that just by introducing the correct rhythm in a movement it is possible to increase both its speed and efficiency. Enlarging and

(*Continued on page* 29)

A former Atlanta, Ga. dancer takes to the air, literally. Marvin Carter now performs only in the Army Air Corps.

Summer Festival at Bords du Lac

Letter from a Critic to his Editor

by A. E. TWYSDEN

Bords du Lac, Switzerland, July 20th

I arrived here this morning about 8:00 A. M. for the train, which left Dijon at 5:00 P. M. yesterday was, for some reason, held up at the frontier and so I was too late to see the sun rise over the mountains. The journey was made much pleasanter by an unexpected encounter with — whom do you think? — no less a person than the great critic, John Rogers, himself.

I was absolutely astonished when I heard that he was going to report the Festival for his paper, and my looks must have shown what I felt.

"Don't look so startled," he said, "it shows that you are too new to your job to realize what is going on behind the scenes in the world of ballet."

I told him that I was just new as a critic but that I had once studied dancing and hoped to be a dancer until an accident to my foot turned my mind to the arts in general, and to ballet criticism in particular. He was kind enough to say that he had read some of my articles on Sadlers Wells with approval and that he specially liked my reports of the Spanish and American companies who danced here last winter.

Later in the evening he invited me to his table in the dining car, and we had a long talk about Russian ballet. He was especially pleased to hear that I had been to Moscow, as he said it must have given me a standard by which to judge the others. We then went on to talk about the coming Festival and I learned that this particular Russian company was appearing because the Director was anxious to make a name for one of his leading dancers before the London and Paris seasons. Her name? Lisa Litvinova. That very same little sparkling dancer whom I so much acclaimed last year in Monte Carlo. I was bold enough to say that I had seen her and to add that I thought her quite worthy to be prima ballerina and to rank with all the great dancers of the world.

Rogers smiled gently and then said, "She is a gay and charming little soubrette on the stage, and has an excellent technique, but she is by no means a classical ballerina, and that, unfortunately, is what she desires to be. With this end in view, she proposes to dance *Lac des Cygne* for the first time next Friday. But whether or not she will succeed, time will show."

He then inquired if I had ever seen Marie Ivanova, and I had to say no.

"Ah," he said, "*there* was a Swan Queen, if you like, bird or woman, so subtly mixed that one found oneself believing in the whole of that incredible fairy tale."

"That was something which we shall never see again," and he fell silent. After a while I asked if he knew why Ivanova had retired at the very height of her fame when still supposedly so young.

"She was only thirty years old," was his reply. "She retired when her husband, Roberto Gaetan, the Italian *premier danseur*, deserted her. Gaetan was captivated by Lisa Litvinova when she was just a small soloist emerging from the corps de ballet, and he is partly responsible for raising her to her present position."

Mr. Rogers seems to regard him, Gaetan, a wonderful dancer but said that in private life he is an unprincipled scoundrel, having apparently married Ivanova, who adored him, just to further his career, and then deserted her for the first pretty face which took his fancy.

I knew nothing of all this, and must say that it distressed me very much to think of my admired Lisa being mixed up with such an unpleasant person.

We had no further conversation that night and on arrival next morning, I set out to explore the town. Its name, Bords du Lac, comes from the fact of its being situated on the only piece of level ground beside the lake, as everywhere else the mountains rise straight up out of the water. There is a wonderful scenic drive cut out and tunnelled through the crags, with here and there a tiny farm house with terraced fields perched giddily above it. The town is small and the Festival Theatre itself is built on a little island just off shore and joining to the *Plage* by a long bridge. It appears that it was originally an open air stadium, which must have been quite lovely. Rogers, who saw *Les Sylphides* there years ago, tells me that thunderstorms gather so suddenly over the lake that audience and performers alike were often soaked to the skin in five minutes. And so the present theatre was built.

On Tuesday evening the ballet season opened, complicated by a cocktail party given by the manager of the theatre, which hardly left us time to dress and eat dinner before the curtain rose at eight-thirty.

The programme consisted of *Les Sylphides,* followed by *Coppelia.* In the latter Lisa was excellent; she danced very well and acted with a childish gaiety which was very infectious. Even the great Rogers approved, though he was really much more interested in the leading dancer in *Sylphides,* a young girl lately come from Leningrad, who, so he says, will one day be a very great dancer. She has a soft and dreamy quality which, I must confess, pleased me very much. Gaetan in the same ballet was wonderful to behold. Altogether it was a very good evening.

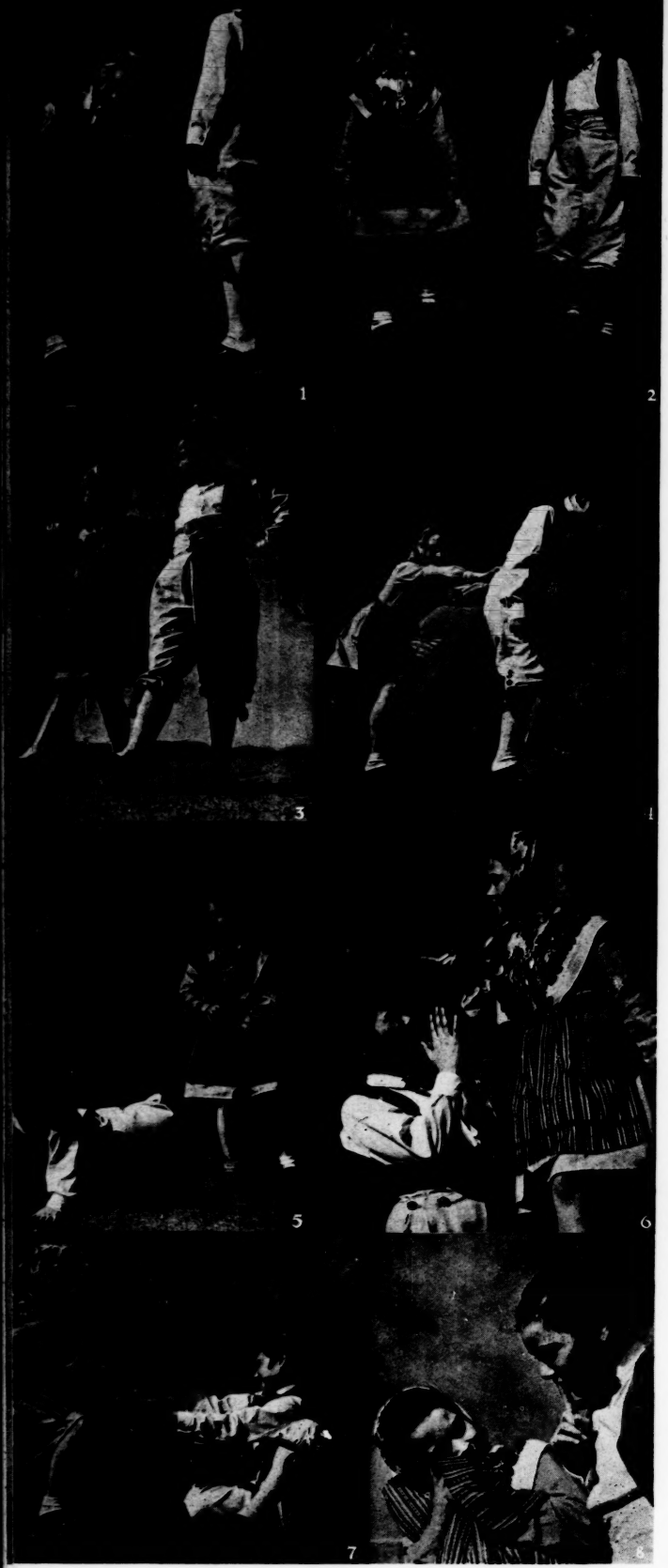
On Wednesday, I took a boat and explored the lake, swimming and sun bathing alternately, and making some notes for my reports, which had to be in London by the end of the month. In the evening, as there was no performance I allowed myself to be lured into the Casino. My luck varied and finding myself twenty-five francs to the good at 4:00 A. M., I went home to bed!

Thursday morning I spent wandering about the town and market, watching the peasants buying and selling, and listening to their patois, which is almost incomprehensible. At lunch I ran into Rogers, and in the afternoon we went for a stroll together, during which he indulged in reminiscences of dead and gone dancers whom he had seen and known.

The evening performance was again very good: *La Fille Mal Garde* for Lisa who was delightful, the *Bluebird* pas de deux for Gaetan and the girl from Leningrad and for a finale, the perennial *Prince Igor.* Nothing very exciting but all very well danced. Lisa has made an excellent impression so far, but tomorrow will be her greatest test.

Friday there was a great feeling of expectation in the air, and the whole theatre was packed with people. To my joy, I found that I had been given a seat next to Mr. Rogers.

(*Continued on page* 29)



Boy Meets Girl

At the Annual Ling Festival in Sweden

Sweden, one of the few countries in Europe free from the Nazi blight, encircled as she is by the totalitarian darkness, goes her democratic way as gallantly as war and hardship will allow. Occasionally chinks of light into Sweden show that the urge in the Swedish people to dance cannot be stemmed even with the dread sound of guns on her border.

Here we have a set of photos showing two Swedish children in a gay and light-hearted provincial Dance which might bear the title *Boy Meets Girl,* or its Swedish equivalent. It is a simple and frolicsome little dance which was performed at the yearly festival in honor of Ling, the man who was the founder of modern Swedish gymnastics.

The children wear provincial costume and perform to any one of the many local folk songs which go hand in hand with dances of this nature.

The photos are given to DANCE through the courtesy of the American-Swedish News Exchange.

* * *

1. Invitation to the dance. The cavalier seems slightly stiff. Perhaps he is overcome by the lady's cordiality.
2. Still aloof, the twain tread a sober measure.
3. Here it looks as if they are going to be friends after all.
4. What goes on here? Has the young lady had a change of heart? She gives the young man a vixenish shove, and he lands . . . .
5. On his face! Boy registers mortification. Girl registers stern displeasure.
6. Whatever he has done, if anything, he will never do it again, you may be sure. The admonishing finger wags an emphatic sermon.
7. Girl relents, and lends her lad a friendly hand.
8. The dance goes on. Whatever the girl has on her mind, the boy warns "Shush! Don't say it. Just lets dance".

* * *

And here is a cute little Swedish dance to 3/4 time called the Snurrbock.

Lady's hands on gentleman's shoulder and his at her waist.

Stamp on L (1) hop on L and pivot (2); step on R (3).

Repeat always starting on L — 8 measures.

Face forward and run forward — 8 measures.

Bow to each other. Turn away from each other and bow.

Turn face to face and bow again.

Repeat whole dance to quick tempo.

Mia Slavenska

by DORATHI BOCK PIERRE

Mia Slavenska is a great classic ballerina who also has a tremendous flare for the dramatic, and she has found this often to be a hindrance. It is not that her ability to act is not really a great aid to her classic ballet roles, but managers and choreographers find the combination so rare that they insist upon giving her dramatic rather than classic roles. She points a little sadly at piles of critical revues from a dozen countries, all praising the purity of her classic work, and says she always has to fight to get the classic roles for which her training fits her.

In San Francisco she sits in a hotel room with the dresser piled high with fragrant fresh fruit, and bright flowers everywhere. Her mother sews on a tutu, and her cat Micky is curled up on the bed.

Slavenska is a strikingly beautiful young woman with a mobile, expressive face, and nervous hands which she uses a great deal in talking.

She was born in Slavenski Brod, Jugoslavia, and is the first dancer in her family, although there were several fine musicians. When she was two years old, her family moved to Zagreb, the capital of Crotia, and when she was four her Mother entered her in the dancing school of a Viennese, Miss Weiss. When she was five, a Miss Froman who had been soloist with the Diaghileff Ballet was made ballet mistress of the opera, and little Mia went to study with her. She was so precocious that the same year she made her first appearance in an opera ballet. When she was six, she was child soloist of the opera ballet. When she was nine, two ballets were composed especially for her, and when she outgrew them they were withdrawn from the repertoire for they were too difficult for other children to perform.

Mia's feeling for drama early asserted itself. When she was twelve years old and studying in Vienna, she saw Mary Wigman and Harald Kreutzberg dance. Although she did not particularly care for their work, she was interested in the greater freedom which the expressional dance offered, and she determined to round out her own work with some of that technique. She studied modern, basic, expressional dance form from Gertrude Kraus, and she found that it taught her to project the dramatic import of her dances and also developed her creative ability as ballet had never done. From that time on she created all of her own dances.

She started at this time to compose dances for two solo programs. One program was all classic ballet, with the exception of one Debussy number in which she used classic foot work and free body movement. The second program was all in the free expressional form. With these two programs interchanging, she toured through Jugoslavia, occasionally making guest appearances at the opera.

When Mia was seventeen she made her first trip to Paris to study. Being a girl with a mind of her own she did not study with only one teacher; she studied with all three of the famous dance teachers there, Egorova, Kshesinskaya, and Preobrajenska, and moreover, she studied with all of them at the same time. This caused several amusing situations. For instance, when an impressario visiting the studios for talent saw her in three rival studios he imagined she was triplets.

photo: Courtesy of the Dance Archives of the Museum of Modern Art

Slavenska in Le Mort du Cygne **from the French motion picture,** Ballerina.

According to Mia the combination was a very happy one, "It freed me of all mannerisms, and no one can ever point a finger at me and say I am the pupil of any one person. They were all wonderful, but had particular value for different things. Egorova was best for foundation work. Her work was very close to Cecchetti, and she was wonderful for adagio. Kshesinskaya was marvelous for teaching the little professional tricks that mean so much in performance, for instance, the brilliant finish for a movement. She was really very clever. Preobrajenska gave her students great speed, the quickness in movement so important for a ballerina on the stage."

Mia worked with this "happy combination" for about a year, working alone every night upon a new repertoire of dances for herself.

About this time De Basil was assembling a company to appear in Monte Carlo and she joined the company as one of three soloists. For the three months the engagement lasted, she had the pleasure of working with Mme. Nijinska whom she considers to be without a peer as a choreographer.

De Basil wanted her to remain with the company permanently, but she left to go to the Zagreb Opera House

(*Continued on page* 28)

VIA THE GRAPEVINE

(*Continued from page* 8)

New York, fomenting a ballet for George Abbott's new musical, has signed to do three pictures and will trek back to Hollywood, the moment his work on the musical is finished. At time of writing the odds are in favour of Viola Essen to take the dancing lead. The show has already changed names three times, and by the latest bulletin is being called *Count Me In.* . . Viola Essen is making history on the historic boards of old Carnegie Hall this summer. She is performing some dazzling Caton variations in the operetta *New Moon.* Nothing daunted, the ballerina tackles tap and Spanish dancing without batting a nonchalant eyelash. Peter Birch accompanies her in the Spanish variation. . .

* * *

Our ever so loyal correspondent, Josef Hazen, is in Provincetown, finishing that novel! And likewise, Foster Fitz-Simmons has temporarily discontinued dancing until he completes his. . . . Paul Mathis is in Mobile, Ala. doing defense work, and teaching after hours.

* * *

This Is The Army, Irving Berlin's all-soldier show, is stuffed to bursting with some exceptional dancing. For one thing it has names in it like Joe Johnson, lately of the American Ballet, Robert Sidney, Bill Pilich, and Nelson Barclift, the lad on our cover this month. Corporal Barclift's own story appears elsewhere in this issue and he speaks quite adequately for himself, but we should like to speak up for his work in *This Is The Army.* Corporal Barclift quite simply is a brave man. He dances women's roles in the show without any shamefacedness or apologetic gestures, and he gets away with it. Only a completely masculine dancer would have the nerve to do it. His impersonations of Zorina and a Russian camp-follower are little epics. The piece-de-resistance of the show, the number which precedes Irving Berlin's own delivery of *Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning,* is Nelson Barclift's own *A Soldier's Dream,* which throws an interesting light on the subconscious of the average soldier, and is incidentally, a very satisfactory ballet. Also cleverly done is the collaboration between Barclift and Pvt. Robert Sidney called *Aryans Under the Skin,* a broad and skittish piece about the Japs and Nazis, four very tall and brawny fellows attired as mythological German maidens right out of a Wagner music drama, and four rather tiny fellows attired as kimonoed Japanese, as the partners of the giant maidens in their horned headdresses and coats of armour. *Some army,* fellers.

* * *

Ruth Chanova, sometime prima ballerina at the Met made her debut as an actress this summer, with Elizabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never.* . . . Rosa Rolland, likewise a Met dancer, has been summering in Mexico City, and has turned violently pro-corrida (bullfighting, to you). She also appeared in the Mexican-made movie starring Baronova, together with the Ballet Theatre. . . . Nikitina, one time Diaghilev star, now warbles. However, at the opening of the Stage Door Canteen, she danced. . . . Ronnie Cunningham, featured in *Banjo Eyes,* lately demised musical, has been signed for a new show by the Schuberts. . . . Lovely Renee de Marco so'oing at the Savoy Plaza proves herself again. . . . The Rainbow Room this month is the gladder for the presence of Jane Deering and Ray English. . . . Mae Murray, a Rainbow Room devotee, danced for its patrons on her last night in New York before leaving for Hollywood to return to films.

* * *

New York City's Y.M.H.A. on Lexington Avenue stands out as a testing ground for new and hopeful young dancers. The Y invites your aspiring young dancer to knock on its door for tryouts. Those who pass the auditions in October will be presented by the Y during the recital season. William Kolodney, educational director of the Y.M.H.A. has an advisory dance committee that assists him in the selection of all artists who will appear on the 1942-43 series. The chairman of this committee is Louis Horst, composer. Inquiries about auditions go to Barbara Page, director of the Dance Center of the Y. . . The winter season is already partly composed and includes some stellar names, such as Paul Draper, Larry Adler, Carmen Amaya, Martha Graham, Hanya Holm, Angna Enters, Louis Horst, in lecture-demonstration accompanied by members of the Martha Graham concert group, Valerie Bettis, Sybil Shearer, and an eighth programme to be given by five dancers selected after the October auditions.

* * *

The dance festival at Jacobs Pillow this summer has lived up to its promise as a carnival for dance lovers. The season smashed its way to the home plate with a bang-up revival of the European classic ballet staged by Bronislava Nijinska. During August the varied programs included, Dances of the Orient: La Meri, Selko Sarina and Ted Shawn; 18th century court dances by Arthur Mahoney and Thalia Mara, African. by Asadata Dafora, American Indian, by Ted Shawn; The youngest generation of American concert and theatre dancers, Elizabeth Waters and Dancers En Route, Sybil Shearer, Charles Tate, Sam Steen, Barbara Gaye and others; the second generation of American concert and theatre dancers, Helen Tamiris, Don Oscar and Elizabeth Becque, and Miriam Winslow; the first generation of American concert and theatre dancers, Anna Duncan, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. Mr. Shawn has set a new high in festivals.

* * *

CALIFORNIA LETTER

Henry Martin, film dancer, and Paul Godkin, last seen with Carmalita Maracci, are both in the medical division of the Navy. . . Doris Niles has been devoting most of her time to dancing at the various army camps. appearing recently with Joseph Hoffman at Camp Hahn. She says that she danced in the "most beautiful and impossible situations, but what of it, they do love it, and *ballet* is their choice, believe it or not." She has also found time to give a concert at the Redlands Bowl with Richard Tetley-Kardos, pianist. . . Agnes de Mille is on the west coast, touring with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, fitting in as many rehearsals as possible of the new ballet she is doing for them on the subject of a rodeo, and tentatively entitled just that. So far the company has four new ballets lined up for the new season: The *Snow Maiden,* after the old fairy tale of that title, by Nijinska; the DeMille ballet; a ballet in concerto form by Mia Slavenska, who is an accomplished choreographer whose work is unknown in this country; and a new untitled ballet by Massine to music of Bach, and decor by Dali. . . Katherine Dunham has been very busy in San Francisco. Her special three week course was so successful she is continuing with other lessons, including a beginner's and children's classes. On August 3rd, she and her group were the stars of a gala cabaret held at the St. Francis Hotel as a benefit by the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. . . The beautiful Mayris Cheney, a San Francisco girl, is dancing at the Cal-Neva Lodge at Lake Tahoe, with a new partner, Julio Alvarez. . . Alfonso de Cruz teaches the rhumba at the St. Francis; and Ramon Ros and his company from the south, have been appearing at the Palace. . . On July 30th, the Modern Ballet Theatre group held a press reception and rehearsal for Katherine Dunham at the Bodil Genkel Studios. . . The Berkeley Festival Association this year struck a lighter note in their programs, including popular music and even ice revues. On August 7, a combination of ice and ballet show was held with very successful results. . . The San Francisco Opera Ballet with Ruby Asquith and Norman Tomson dancing the leads, appeared in three dances from the *Bartered Bride,* and a special version of the second act of *Casse Noisette,* in which William Christensen, director, used the ballet and the ice skaters in such a way that long sustained movements possible on ice, complemented and fitted in with the dancers' movements. . . On August 9th, Iris de Luce gave a concert at the Dominican Conservatory in San Rafael. She presented four groups: *Preliminary Dances, Fantasy, The Dancing Lesson, Four Steps in a Dancer's Career,* and others. Vera Frazier was accompanist. . . George Pring ballet dancer and teacher in San Francisco has recently closed his studios and gone into the army. . .

DORATHI BOCK PIERRE

MICHAEL FOKINE

(*Continued from page* 7)

1940, had his first working contact with Michael Fokine when he staged his revival of *Les Sylphides* and *Carnival.* I watched him at rehearsals and during instruction on many occasions, and was always impressed with his ease of direction and instruction. Every artist was anxious to attend his rehearsals; he had the faculty of easy and impressive transmissions of his thought and art, and was always eager to help those willing to learn. Fokine is survived by his wife Vera Fokine, who also was his dancing partner as well as business associate throughout his career, and his son Vitale Fokine. My deepest sympathy, as well as that of the dance profession, goes to them.

RUDOLF ORTHWINE

MUSIC . . . barberisms

The reflections of FRANK C. BARBER

What's the name of that song? It goes like this; tee-de-de-te-de-de-dum- but the words I can't recall. Thus America's Folk Lore unfolds itself each year in countless verses. Emotional tales, deep-rooted in our hearts, set to the lilting melodies of Tin Pan Alley's popular ballads and dance tunes. Dance tunes first, because seventy-five percent of our people respond to the rhythmic urge with a jitter which reverberates throughout our social set-up; fashions our clothes; plans our diet, or — is it the other way round?

The old fashioned mirror is any Tin Pan Alley catalog of yesterday's song hits. And radio bands bring us an emotional picture of our own today. The scene changes continually — we whistle a new tune — dance a new step — the evolution of an era is recorded in song.

Down in the Alley it is maintained that you can never go to war without a war song and you can never fall in love without a love song. So the tune makers that buried Geo. Washington and Lincoln, and hailed the entrance of Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones — are still at their posts turning the wheels which provide our troubled peoples with a variety of emotional stimulants.

The general impression of Tin Pan Alley is at best confusing. The Song Plugger who is known as the high pressure missionary of melody is a familiar figure. But the men who spend hours each day in the quiet confines of the arrangers room, making over everybody's tunes for public consumption, are unknown. There are only a handful of these artists — composing and arranging for hire. Most of them work under a psuedoname. They are the artistic backbone of Tin Pan Alley's product.

Any one can write a tune — and many do. Sometimes it is merely whistled to someone who can put it down on paper just as many of the modern dance compositions have been created by the dancers themselves. They are then prepared for the public in various forms. This is the work of skilled musicians who develop our folk music.

Dancers can find much help in program building by learning their way around America's Tune factories. Professional departments are maintained where advice and suggestions are given freely. The latest tunes are demonstrated as well as much of the old literature. And any dancer will appreciate the necessity of knowing about these works and how they can be cleared for public performance.

As the Summer wanes the schedule contains little that has not already been heard but as the theatre productions of the Winter Season get into work another thirty days will bring a flock of new hits. At the moment we hear that ever popular patriotic air *"This Is Worth Fighting For"* at every turn. And the revival of that old tune of twenty years back which has weathered the storm and is now being featured by every dance band — *"By The Light Of The Silvery Moon,"* continues to be a favorite. The war influence is readily seen in other hit numbers such as *"After Taps," "I'll Keep The Love Light Burning," "I'm Gettin' Mighty Lonesome For You," "South Wind," "The Singing Sands of Alamosa."* On the sentimental side, *As Long As You're Not In Love With Anyone Else — Why Don't You Fall In Love With Me? Deliver Me To Tennessee.* Then comes *Junior Miss* which has been featured by Denis Day and *Hey Dock!* with a spark of comic. All these have possibilities for the dancer who wants something timely for U.S.O. or any professional purpose.

Another bit of information may be helpful to those professionals and teachers who wish to enlarge their library of orchestrations of numbers which are always useful, and which can be obtained at a very reasonable price. These are very recent publications of new arrangements:

Of Thee I Sing, With A Song In My Heart, Embraceable You, This Is Worth Fighting For, A Suite Of Serenades, L'Amour Toujours L'Amour, Hallelujah, Give Me A Roll On A Drum, I'm Falling In Love With Someone, and *South American Way.*

BOOK REVIEWS

SUPPLEMENT TO COMPLETE BOOK OF BALLETS by Cyril Beaumont. Published by Beaumont, London 1942. 18s.

This book is the logical addendum to Beaumont's *Complete Book of Ballets* which is no longer complete. Aside from several not previously described works by Didelot and Bournonville the book is concerned with recent additions to ballet repertory. There are accounts of the new ballets of Fokine, Massine, Jooss, Ninette de Valois, Frederick Ashton, Frank Staff, Antony Tudor and Andree Howard. More attention is paid to American choreographers. The ballets of Catherine Littlefield, Lew Christensen, Ruth Page and Eugene Loring are described. Hungarian Gyula Harangozo, Latvian Osvald Lemanis and a number of recent Soviet works are also included.

Of course the illustrations and make-up of the book are as good as everything else ever done by Beaumont.

ANN BARZEL

JEWISH FOLK DANCES by Nathan Vizonsky —illustrated by Todros Geller. Music arranged by Max Janowski. Published by Vizonsky. Price $1.00.

Although the Bible and apocryphal literature have many references to dancing, there is little concrete knowledge of early Hebrew dance. In most pageants and biblical plays Hebrew maidens are usually a group of girls in Grecian tunics doing movements that stem from Duncan and Dalcroze. This is ridiculous in the face of the contrast between Hebraic and Hellenic cultures, and their great differences in art expression.

Modern Jewish dancing is derivative, but it can be seen and we know what it is. There are three types: The Palestinian dances of the Halutzim or pioneers, the oriental dances of the Yemenite Jews, and the equivalent of the ballroom dances of the East European ghetto. It is the latter that author Vizonsky knows most about and which he describes in his handsome little book. There are notes and music for ten folk dances, among them Broiges Dance, Rikud, Chassidic, Simchas Torah, and Freilachs.

The notes are clear and easy to follow, though there is no hint at the style or tempo or dramatic expression involved. The music is authentic, well arranged and easy to play. The illustrations by Todros Geller are well worth the price of the book.

ANN BARZEL

MARGOT FONTEYN — Camera Sketches by Gordon Anthony — With an Appreciation by Eveleigh Leith. Published by Gordon Anthony, London, Price 10s.

Most people interested in dance know that Margot Fonteyn is the leading ballerina of London's Vic-Wells Ballet. Most people in the dance world are familiar with the photographs of Gordon Anthony. This is an excellent record of the young dancer. It is interesting as a document and a lovely thing in itself just as a book of fine dance photographs.

Gordon Anthony's pictures are distinguished by their atmospheric shadowed backgrounds. Mr. Anthony has been closely connected with ballet for a long time and he knows what ballet is. Even his action pictures are balletic. He does not photograph a movement that has not reached its apex. The eye does not see such things and there is no point in recording them just because the camera can do it.

Most of the photographs in this collection of Miss Fonteyn are stills of her leading roles. They give a hint of her technical possibilities and her dramatic approach.

ANN BARZEL

DANCE INDEX, Vol. I, No. 3, March 1942. Loie Fuller, The Fairy of Light, by Claire de Morinni. Published by Dance Index, Inc., 35c.

Here is a satisfying four dimensional portrait of Loie Fuller—evangelist, actress, scarf dancer, and "electrician." Miss de Morinni

(*Continued on page* 28)

GALLERY OF AMERICAN DANCERS

(*Continued from page* 10)

unmourned and unmourning exit from the relief job, of living on nfteen carefully hoarded pennies a day, of sleeping in assorted friends' spare rooms, of sharing a barnlike studio apartment with seven other people, of sleeping nights in this apartment on tables, floors, bathtubs, rocking chairs; of classes, classes, and classes; of practice, of ballet slippers and shoes always wearing out; of hunger. Who that has risen from the ranks does not know this story? Every one who comes to serve the dance armed with nothing but courage and his own body.

Nina de Marco, an American woman who had been a dancer in the Pavlova company, and who was of the first de Marco partners, taught a really atmospheric group in those days. The shabby 46th Street studio was the vortex that drew a lot of dance-hungry kids, all young and eager to learn.

Lee began there with simple ballroom dancing, skirted cautiously around ballet, fingered tap dancing nervously, then got his teeth into all three like a little darkie working his way around a hunk of watermelon.

The unknown quantity which marks the choreographer from the dancer, immediately made itself felt in him. For two years he asked endless questions, sought unlimited answers. How is dancing made? What is a step? Why is a step? Who says that a dance is a dance, and not a set of calisthenics. Why, why, and why? It was Nina de Marco who did the gargantuan job of answering these questions, and molding his unfolding abilities as a choreographer and dancer. From her he learned to bend music to his will in composing, a trick of being served by music instead of giving blind service to it. His growth as a dancer was steady and unrelenting.

One day he met a fellow who said, "Say, bud, did you ever hear of modern dancing?"

"Sure," said Lee, hoping he *was* sure.

Would he like to take a fling at this thing called modern dancing? He would. It appeared that Charles Weidman was conducting test classes for men in the hope of uncovering talent, so to these test classes he went, armed with practice clothes and faltering nerves. Jose Limon taught that class, and presently Weidman entered and took in the scene. The next act in this drama shows Lee Sherman installed, scholarship and all, deep in the heart of the Humphrey-Weidman company.

Modern dancing, as revealed to him by Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, came to him as a revelation. He had taken no more than one lesson when he knew in his soul that *this* was *it*. So dancing was not just fancy feet, it was life and body and breath and movement. The possibilities for the great and grand use of the body in dancing made visible to him in this light, were so vast that he shivered from pure delight. This was 1936.

Six years have passed.

Lee Sherman has progressed to a marked style. As a jazz stylist in the modern technique he is individual. He found his style in Harlem, in the Savoy ballroom, in the raw little-known places on Lenox Avenue where negroes meet to celebrate the great God Jive, where white people come to watch in awe. He took this style and made it the white man's property, not the black man's. He is not doing imitations of negro dancing. If he were, his work would not be the arresting thing it is. He has proven with his jazz superimposed upon modern lines that there is a new vocabulary in dance, and it *is* a Sherman invention. He dances to the blues, just blues. He dances with a girl named Beatrice Seckler, one of the most dynamic young dancers, who is an absolute foil for his dynamism (to coin a word).

Jazz Trio is the name of his first composition. He immersed himself, baptized himself in the blues. He wrote the piece for three people, Eva Desca, Beatrice Seckler and himself. He put it on exhibition for audiences outside New York, across the country, all the way to San Francisco. The reaction of audiences that were definitely not big city was a vindication of his belief that jazz and its concrete forms belongs to the white man, too.

America understands him. Yes, they know what he is talking about when he emerges on stage. And that is the crucial test. Your own comment in dance *must* be understood. What other test is there of its vitality, of its values, other than selfish ones?

In San Francisco he taught for some time in conjunction with Jose Limon, also appeared in *Jazz Trio,* and other compositions. The California press waxed almost rhapsodic about him. He returned East.

His subsequent activities have revolved largely around the Humphrey-Weidman concert group, summer seasons as a choreographer at Camp Tamiment, a spell with the W.P.A. Dance Theatre, increasingly important theatre and cabaret engagements, and some movie work. Early this year he played a three week engagement at the Roxy Theatre in New York, at a most gratifying salary; also he has appeared recently at the Rainbow Room, in company with Charles Weidman and a small group.

His compositions all bear titles that give themselves away in a flash as city portraits. There are these: *Dubarry Was No Lady, Effervescent Blues, Why Don't You Do Right?,* and *Nevertheless, Come Back.* This bouquet of sometimes cynical, sometimes poignant Americana is designed for two dancers. This confinement to composition for two figures has been purposeful on his part, as he does not intend to work with a larger group until he is satisfied that he is completely his own master in the idiom he now uses. For the present he continues to work with Beatrice Seckler, a dancer whose background and sympathies are parallel to his, and whom he finds receptive and malleable.

A little while ago Doris Humphrey asked him: "Why don't you do serious choreography?"

This rather pinned his ears back, as it never occurred to him that his work was anything but serious. What Miss Humphrey meant, of course, was the use of classical music for concert work. Lee Sherman answers that jazz *is* serious, that he doesn't need classical music for what he is trying to do, that is supply the background to portraits of city life. He argues that if the concert audience does not believe in the seriousness of jazz, it is because something is amiss, not with jazz music, but with the orientation of audiences towards it. But this situation is something he faces realistically, and with the ardor and energy of the good craftsman, he labors to change it.

Theatrical dancing, such as his, does not mean that you march out on a stage and strike one or many postures. That is not dancing. There must be motivation, and there must be personal comment. This is his gift. When Lee Sherman strikes postures on stage, they are positive postures, with motivation and highly personal comment. And the motivation comes from the Big City, and his comment is exquisitely, exuberantly, personally that of the New Yorker, the creature born and reared by the Big City.

BALLERINA AND PLAINSMAN

(*Continued from page* 15)

Puzzled and hurt, Bill and Jack ruefully admitted that they had not understood these delicate refinements of the dramatic art.

"Gosh, we never talked like this anyway," muttered Bill protestingly. "It would take me six months to learn all this stuff. Come on, let's go back and fight Injuns."

But Texas Jack was still stage-struck. Once more he and Buntline explained the desirability of becoming an actor. Bill stayed.

Buntline saw that it would take some stiff coaching to whip the two plainsmen into presentable dramatic material by Monday. He decided to take Bill in hand himself. Seeking for a similar coach for Texas Jack, he hit upon the dancer Morlacchi. It was true that she didn't know much about diction and delivery, and her English had more than a hint of an Italian accent, but her experience on the stage was long and varied, and the exigencies of the situation made it necessary to seize on any straw.

Next day, at the theatre, Buntline introduced Bill, Jack, and press-agent Burke to Mlle. Morlacchi. She was a small and dainty creature, with expressive dark eyes and delicate, refined features which left one completely unprepared for the Latin fire of her temperamental dancing. Not without reason had she been selected, four years earlier, to introduce the exciting *Can-Can* to conservative Boston.

Buffalo Bill was married, and loyally devoted to his wife. Both Burke and Texas Jack, however, fell promptly and completely under the spell of the adorable little dancer. It was Jack, handsome, hot-headed, and youthful—he was just about Morlacchi's own age—who appealed to the ballerina. Some time later the broken-hearted Burke poured out his sorrows to Mrs. Cody. She has described the scene in her book on the life of Buffalo Bill:

" 'Mrs. Cody,' He had said one night as we sat backstage watching a performance, "I have met a god and a goddess in my life. The god was Buffalo Bill. . . .

'The goddess was Mlle. Morlacchi. But I can't have her, Mrs. Cody. I wouldn't be the man I want to be if I tried. Jack's a better

(*Continued on page* 27)

BALLERINA AND PLAINSMAN

(*Continued from page* 26)

man—he's fought the West, and he's had far more hardships than I've ever seen and—and —he deserves his reward. I'll never love any other woman, but there's one thing I can do, I can turn all my affection from the goddess to the god, and so help me, I'll never fail from worshipping him!' "

Major Burke was as good as his word. For the rest of his life he served Buffalo Bill as agent, general factotum, and eulogistic biographer. He acted also as the theatrical representative of Mlle. Morlacchi, whom he continued to adore—from a respectful distance.

The Scouts of the Prairie opened in Chicago, as scheduled, after only four days of rehearsals. In the middle of the first act Buffalo Bill went completely haywire. The fearless Indian fighter forgot his lines entirely, and stood trembling in the middle of the stage.

"Where have you been all this time, Bill?" ad-libbed Buntline, in desperation.

"I've been out on a hunt with Milligan!" Cody burst out impetuously, naming a popular Chicago sportsman. This happy inspiration saved the day. For the rest of the act Buffalo Bill improvised with a spontaneity and wit that would have done credit to a Will Rogers. This was so effective that he continued to do it through the long and successful run of the play.

Debonair Texas Jack came through his ordeal with less agony—possibly because his role caused for the pleasurable stage business of making love to Dove Eye. It was becoming increasingly evident that his intentions towards the charming young lady were decidedly serious.

It would be difficult to imagine two lovers with more widely differing backgrounds. Morlacchi — "peerless Morlacchi", the late Philip Hale, who saw her in his salad days, called her— was born in Milan in October, 1843. When she was six years old she was entered as a pupil in the famous ballet school of the La Scala Opera. At that time the prima ballerina was, incredibly enough, a girl from Philadelphia, Augusta Maywood, who had made a successful debut at the Paris Opera and had later gone to Milan. Perhaps it was her presence in the company which first inspired the little Italian dancer with the desire to visit America.

Morlacchi made her New York debut on October 23, 1867, in *The Devil's Auction*, a ballet spectacle which had been produced as a rival attraction to the famous *Black Crook*. On the night of Morlacchi's arrival in New York the orchestra of the theatre serenaded her with Strauss waltzes and operatic airs, beneath the windows of her suite in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The manager, with a keen perception of the publicity value of his move, insured her legs for $100,000, so "la Morlacchi is more valuable than *Kentucky!*" (finest race-horse of the day) as a sporting paper commented.

Her debut was a triumph. "Mlle. Morlacchi is a beautiful creature, and she came upon the stage like a sudden ray of light," wrote an anonymous critic in the *New York Tribune*, "She is of the spiritual order of woman, small, delicate, fiery, with a fine little head and a luminous face, and she dances with all her soul as well as with all her body. . . "

Before her appearance in *The Scouts of the Prairie* Morlacchi had danced all over the eastern United States. She was particularly popular in Boston, where she introduced the French *Can-Can* early in 1868. An eye-witness of her performances there, writing to the Boston Herald some forty years after the event, described her performance as a sort of glorified strip-tease, in which five brunettes, headed by Mlle. Morlacchi, and five blondes, captained by Mlle. Diani, unwound and discarded their frilled muslin skirts until they stood only in tights and military headdresses. A contemporary print of Morlacchi in the *Can-Can*, however, shows her in conventional ballet costume and a classic pose. Whatever sort of dance it may have been, the "original Morlacchi *Can-Can*" certainly brought fame and fortune to its creator. It seems that Walt Disney did not invent *The Seven Dwarfs*, either, for in 1869 Morlacchi danced in a ballet of that name, achieving a run of five weeks (as good as the Music Hall's record for the movie!)

The little ballerina had plenty of faith in her ability to earn her own living. When she was at the height of her popularity in Chicago, a spendthrift dandy named Jim Fisk took to following her about. Backstage one evening, just before her entrance, he slipped an enormous diamond ring on her finger. Her music was just beginning, and Morlacchi had no chance to refuse it at the moment. Later she sent for Fisk, and coldly returned his gift. Fisk, a little startled by such a show of virtue in a ballerina, thought that she had misjudged the value of his offering.

"My dear young lady," he explained, "I don't think you quite realize the value of that little stone. It's of the first water, and worth at least $5,000."

Giuseppina shrugged her pretty shoulders. "Bah!" she said carelessly, "I can earn that with one of my toes."

Fisk retired, baffled. Later he was overheard to remark, "Now there's a good woman that a bad man can fight for!"

Texas Jack evidently thought so too. Handsome, eccentric, reckless, and a bit wild, he held an irresistible fascination for the little dancer. His life had been the exact antithesis of hers, for it had been spent in the rough, free life of the plains, instead of in the confining, hot-house atmosphere of ballet school and theatre. Born in Virginia, he had gone West alone, when he was just a boy. During the four years of the Civil War he had served as a Scout under a Texas general of the Confederate army. He had been a cowboy, a trapper, a hunter, a rancher, and a government scout.

He had once brought about the capture of a whole gang of border bandits who called themselves "The Lone Star Knights". By winning their confidence and actually living in their camp, he was able to learn their plans and to save a whole pack train of government supplies which they had plotted to capture. On another occasion, when he was out on a solitary hunting expedition, Jack was attacked by hostile Indians. He scalped four of them and acquired several arrow wounds before he decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and beat a hasty retreat. It was a miracle that he escaped with his life.

Even his name, "Texas Jack", had been acquired in romantic fashion. He had been christened John B. Omahundro. One night in Santa Fe he was obliged to beat up Kansas Kit in order to enjoy the privilege of dancing with his girl. After the brawl was over it was suggested that a tongue-twister like Omahundro was scarcely a fitting name for such a hard-fighting son of the prairies. A bottle of whiskey was

(*Continued on page* 29)

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MIA SLAVENSKA

(*Continued from page* 23)

as prima ballerina, where she remained for two years.

According to Mia, "It was an amazingly fine company of fifty dancers, but what made it outstanding in performance was that really fine actors played the dramatic roles."

When announcements went out for the 1936 Olympics to be held in Berlin, she decided to appear in the Dance Olympiad, and went to Paris to prepare her program. The Olympiad of Dance was held at the Theatre Horstwessel Platz for two weeks with fourteen nations represented.

It was here that Mia changed her name. Her family name was Corak (pronounced Chorak) and she was known as Mia Slavenska Corak, but for the Olympiad she dropped the last name and entered as Mia Slavenska. When the prizes were awarded, Mia Slavenska, Harald Kreutzerg, and Mary Wigman received the first prizes. Naturally the young Slavenska received many flattering offers, but she returned to Paris and signed with Arnved Meckler, the late Argentina's Manager. She gave two very successful concerts in Paris and then toured through France, to Riga, Stockholm, North Africa, and then to London where she danced with Dolin.

Returning again to Paris she made the unique and extremely successful motion picture of a dancer's career, shown in this country under the title, *Ballerina.* For her portrayal of the leading character in this film she received world acclaim for her acting ability.

After the success of this picture the Columbia Broadcasting Artists' Bureau wanted to bring her to this country for a tour, but her manager died suddenly and the negotiation fell through. Feeling herself at loose ends she signed a contract with the Ballet Russe which she says she did not even read. This proved a costly bit of education for her. She toured with the ballet until 1941, when, being very tired and badly in need of a rest, she left the company.

It was then I "took my Mother, my dog and my cat and drove to Hollywood," said Slavenska "because I had liked it when the ballet played there." Here she stayed a year, working on new dances, developing a ballet company of her own of thirty dancers, and creating a repertoire. Just as she thought a tour was arranged, we went to war and she decided to wait.

She received offers from both De Basil and Massine, so again she is with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo as prima ballerina. She still finds that they want to give her the dramatic roles which she enjoys, but, unfortunately, these are not often considered premiere roles.

Slavenska is now at the height of a brilliant performing career, and she is a very intelligent young woman with an eye to the future. She is torn between the desire to act and to choreograph.

She said, "If I could wave a wand and have what I want, I would act in maybe two pictures a year, and make enough money to support a ballet company for which I could choreograph the rest of the time."

Mia Slavenska is young, talented, and determined. The Ballet Russe has already arranged for her to choreograph a ballet for them, and the future, we hope, will bring her the other things she wishes.

BOOK REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 25)

takes a jinx by the tail and pulls on most of the facts which make "La Loie" worth remembering today.

Literally there never was a more *colorful* figure on any stage. Her appearance with a hundred yards or so of flaming dry-goods floating around her was a curiosity that hadn't been equalled since Halley's comet. Perhaps it is unfortunate that her memory has dwindled to a few fitful recollections of mesmerized drapery. The author evidently thinks so for she has devoted a nice amount of space to Fuller's commendable experiments in light and color. The entertainer even rigged up a laboratory manned by six men who continually devised new ways for her to startle already flabbergasted audiences.

Around this dazzle author de Morinni has drawn a faithful account of Loie's exploits, tracing her career from lowly stock and cheap music halls to her astonishing artistic conquest of Europe. Like a good Samaritan she caresses the idea that in a way Loie Fuller was an artist. Fact is she did manage to shellac her can-can personality with enough artistic goo to turn the Folies-Bergere into a respectable place. What if she couldn't do 32 fouettes!

In a quiet way the author succeeds in presenting an unusually informative chronicle on "the fairy of light" subduing her many statistics in such a way that they sneak up on you unaware.

Emily Sackville-West

DANCE INDEX, Vol. 1, No. 5, May 1942. The Petipa Family in Europe and America, by Lillian Moore. Published by Dance Index, Inc., 35c.

It would have been slightly Pyrrhonic to assume that Marius Petipa, who was a reluctant dance student at the age of seven, would emerge the greatest link between 20th century French and Russian ballet. As the world knows, he became the most illustrious member of a genius-studded family. It is this family with which Lillian Moore concerns herself, sketching in for the sake of continuity a cob-webby account of Marius Petipa's activities.

The author has managed to ferret out some interesting facts concerning these four creative powers. Particularly absorbing is her account of Lucien Petipa, choreographer and dancer. His place in the sun is well deserved because, according to Miss Moore, "he upheld the honor of the male dancer in an age when he was the most neglected of artists." He was a brilliant technician and a favorite partner of Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni. It is unfortunate he did not have more of his brother's gift for choreography.

There is a long account of Jean Petipa, father of Marius and Lucien which develops quite a branch of the family tree. It was he who not only instigated but accompanied Marius on the American visit. Significant as this trip was it is merely mentioned in passing and no details are given. With such exhaustive study of other events it is surprising this was overlooked.

The other member of the tetragon was Marie Petipa, Marius' young Russian wife. Under his tutelage she became a brilliant dancer creating a sensation in Paris following her debut there in "Le Marche des Innocents." The history of the beautiful Marie replaces what would have been a recital of Petipa's Russian cycle which extended over a period of 58 years.

The author has done a creditable amount of research on the lives of three persons who deserve to be more than faintly remembered.

Emily Sackville-West

MARIONETTES THAT DANCE

(*Continued from page* 9)

One marionette alone has thirty-two yards of ruffles, thirty-two yards of sequins, and thirty-two yards of braid. He makes all the little figures and their wardrobes himself, but, even so, it averages around a hundred dollars a puppet. They are from three to four feet high and weigh around thirty-five pounds. It is a good thing their master is a big fellow, over six feet, with powerful shoulders and arms with which he can give the little puppets amazing "speed, space and sweep" as he calls it.

One secret of his success that Mr. Paris confided to us is especially important to dancers.

"Variety is the spice of any program, and marionettes are no exception. If you have all the different types of dancing represented you are sure every one in the audience will find at least one to his special liking."

Dancers will do well to remember this breadth of approach, for Mr. Paris has certainly brought down the theatre audience from coast to coast. Amazing as it is, he still finds time to give special showings for dancing conventions, women's clubs and rotary meetings.

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TO THE DANCE WORLD

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THE DANCE AND WAR

(*Continued from page* 20)

strengthening a movement without adding strain is done by dancers every time they perform. Knowing where to put the impetus and stress in a movement is part of every good dancer's knowledge. All these things have great significance in our industrial world today when every ounce of energy counts. Dancers stand ready to give their knowledge and experience in movement to the defense program.

But home defense does not stop here. How about the home itself? Don't forget mother and the children. These are days when mother will be under special strain. She needs to be strong and relaxed, gracious and young, to meet the demands. Two hours a week spent in a relaxing, conditioning dance class often means the difference between a stooping, scolding, middle-aged mother and a peppy, gracious, young leader in the home.

The dancing class does more than just to give mother a work-out. It gives her an hour of release, a period of beauty in which she forgets her cares. Ted Shawn once said he thought the reason why dancers stayed young so long was that during the hours one spent in dancing, time seemed to stop and, therefore, those hours did not count toward our aging.

But of all the people in the world who need dancing today, the ones who need it most are the children. These precious years of childhood will never come back. It is the supreme tragedy of this generation that their golden years of childhood must be spent during war times when air raid practices (to say nothing of the real thing) rob them of that freedom and security so necessary to every child. These are the years they will make the habits for later life, a later life that, goodness knows, will be probably the most strenuous a generation has ever had to face. Let the dance give them the habits of movement that will make their little bodies strong and agile for life. Let the dance give them the hours of joy and inspiration that will carry them with high heart thru life. The money we are forced to save on gas and recreational excursions can more than pay for dancing lessons, the lessons that will mean fifty times more to your child now than at any future time.

Let the little ones have their dance recitals, too. These keyed to the Victory program will help them to express in a creative way their loyalty to America, and make them a happy part of the great struggle that otherwise becomes very puzzling and terrifying to them.

Yes, dancing can help to win the war by keeping us physically and mentally fit, but most important of all, by building that spirit of victory known as morale without which no war is ever won.

* * *

BALLERINA AND PLAINSMAN

(*Continued from page* 27)

cracked over his skull, and he was rechristened "Texas Jack".

One can easily imagine the fascination which such tales must have held for a ballerina whose sheltered life had been passed in tedious exercises and endless rehearsals. At any rate, Morlacchi was quick to return the passion of the handsome plainsman. They were married in Boston, where *The Scouts of the Prairie* had paused during its long road tour, just a few months after their meeting.

So long as the two were appearing together in the play, all went well with this strange alliance. But no sooner was the theatrical season over than Texas Jack felt the call of the wild again. In a few days he was off for the plains of western Nebraska with Buffalo Bill. Morlacchi's life henceforth must have been one of considerable uncertainty. Her husband seems to have been constitutionally allergic to discipline, matrimonial or otherwise. He returned in the autumn, to be sure, and helped to organize the theatrical enterprise of Cody & Omahundro. But a little later he was off again, this time to hunt in the Yellowstone country as guide to the Earl of Dunraven. Next he decided to act as his wife's manager, and presented her in the old classic opera-ballet *La Bayadère* in Boston, in the spring of 1875. When Buffalo Bill organized his famous "Wild West" show, Texas Jack followed suit with one of his own, which he took on tour to South Africa. One of the members of that company was the "Cherokee Kid"—Will Rogers.

Later, when gold was discovered in Colorado, Texas Jack caught the mining fever. It was in Leadville that he died, of pneumonia on June 28, 1880. Guiseppina, who adored him in spite of his erratic wanderings and his frequent inconstancies, had followed him to Colorado and was with him when he died.

Later Morlacchi returned to the east and retired with her sister to a modest home in East Billerica, Massachusetts. When she died in 1886, at the early age of 43, the whole town went into mourning, the principal stores were closed, and the dancer of the *Can-Can* was attended to her grave by the clergymen of the Methodist, Baptist, and Roman Catholic churches.

* * *

SUMMER FESTIVAL

(*Continued from page* 21)

I was almost as anxious to watch his reactions as I was to see Lisa's performance.

The curtain rose at last; the setting was new and good; the huntsmen and the Prince appeared and I noticed that Gaetan, who looked wonderfully handsome, seemed very nervous. Then came Lisa and I transferred my attention to her. She wore the usual white *tutu,* but with what seemed to me to be an unnecessary number of feathers; her hair was crowned with white plumes, and I must admit that she looked more like a dear little snowball than an enchanted Swan Queen. Her dancing seemed good, but was difficult to watch as the "spot" light was not working properly. Instead of being focused on Lisa *it seemed to get mixed up with the other lights and to create a sort of white gleam behind her* which was very trying. Rogers also noticed this for he rubbed his spectacles once or twice and then muttered in my ear, "Rotten lighting." When the Swan Queen and the Prince left, the stage for the first time, the "spot" of course was cut out and the lighting became better. All the swans came on and danced until the huntsmen joined them and took aim, when as you know, the Swan Queen rushes on to save her unfortunate subjects. I could just see Lisa's head go back and her arms go out *when the wretched "spot" gave one great blue flash and blinded us all for a moment.*

We rubbed our eyes and then could not believe what we saw — for *there, bowing low before the equally astounded Prince, was a slim dark Swan Queen!* Astonished as I was at this sudden metamorphosis, I was able to remark that she wore none of the plumes which had bedecked Lisa, just a plain white bodice and *tutu,* with a swathe of flat wings around her head, and to note that in spite of this severe garb she was exceedingly beautiful. A few seconds later she left the stage once more, and a buzz of excitement broke out all around, which was only quieted by her return to the stage for the great adagio.

Naturally I whispered to Rogers, "Who is she?" even though I knew what the answer must be.

"Marie Ivanova," he replied, "there's luck for you!"

Never have I seen the *Swan Lake* danced as Ivanova danced it, nor would I have believed such dancing possible had I not seen it with my own eyes. She seemed scarcely to touch the floor but rather to float above it, as though she were indeed half-bird. In the variation which follows the adagio, she continued to amaze me by the speed and precision of her *echappees* and *pirouettes,* while her final farewell was utterly heartbreaking. Gaetan did not come up to her standard at all. He wore a slightly scared expression throughout, and at the end collapsed into such an ungainly heap that I thought he had fainted. He had risen, however, when the curtain rose and stood bowing in the place where he had fallen. Ivanova came forward and received an enormous ovation and a basket of red roses so large that it took two men to carry it onto the stage. Across this she extended her hand to Gaetan who ignored it but limped forward a step or two with evident difficulty. The curtain fell and rose again. Gaetan was still there but Ivanova had vanished, leaving the red roses, and in spite of wild shouting and applause, she was not persuaded to return.

The interval was simply pandemonium; everyone talked at once and tried to get backstage to see Ivanova and Lisa and find out exactly what had happened, but the pass door was locked and so there was nothing to be done except wait for the evening to end. Of the rest of the programme I remember nothing, and I don't believe that anyone else does either, for Ivanova had made such an impression that is was impossible to pay attention to any lesser artist.

At the end of the performance I did get backstage but was not able to get much information. The stage manager would not discuss the matter and none of the dancers could tell me very much. I did, however, learn that Gaetan had injured his leg when he fell in the last scene, and that Lisa had been taken home in hysterics, which was presumably why Ivanova took her place, though no one seemed to know why she had come in the first instance, nor why she disappeared so quietly when the ballet was over.

Next morning the papers were full of comment on the return of Ivanova, and in raptures over her performance. I was still like

(*Continued on page* 30)

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NEW YORKER SHOW

(*Continued from Page* 17)

made the boards resound were Viola Essenova shown here with her partner Mark Platoff, both of whom have served long and honorable apprenticeship in more than one ballet company.

10. Lila Zalipskaya, late of the Original Ballet Russe and Alex Dunaieff, members of the Swoboda Concert Group, appeared in appealing Rumanian costume, dancing to the Hora Stocata.
11. A poignant moment from the ballet Cinderella, choreography by Joseph Levinoff, a former member of the American Ballet and Metropolitan Opera Ballet. The ballet was danced by the Childrens Ballet Company, under the direction of Mr. Levinoff, and in this photo we see that ten year old marvel, Jeanette Acquilina, as Cinderella, in lachrymose mood, as she sits all unaware of the approach of the Fairy Godmother who is making ready to turn those rags into a beautiful court dress.
12. Bhupesh Guha and Sushila Shikari, noted Hindu dancers, who appeared with their own orchestra of native Hindu musicians. Here they are seen in a decorative dance of courtship.
13. Members of the Swoboda Concert Group in a colorful Russian Folk dance called Poloschka.
14. Felicia Sorel, mistress of the Blues, demonstrates how blue a lady feels when "the evenin' sun done gone down. . ." while Herbert Kingsley, composer and pianist, played and sang the inimitable accompaniment.
15. Molly Landow, Spanish dancer, appeared in two dances called Malaguena and Maria de la O. She has been a solist in the Metropolitan Opera Ballet and has danced at Radio City Music Hall. Her austere but striking style met with the approval of an enthusiastic audience.

photo: Constantine

The D.M.A. Normal School at the Hotel New Yorker had a show of its own, and above is a group which entertained. Four members of the Dorothy Kaiser group in a soft shoe novelty number.

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BALLET THEATRE IN MEXICO

(*Continued from page* 19)

6. Mmes. Chase, Baronova and Razoumova and a party of Mexican boatmen a-sailing somewhere in Mexico.
7. Anton Dolin (center) in conference with Mois Zlatin, conductor (right) outside the Palacio de Bellas Artes.
8. Five hard working danseurs strip for a well earned plunge.
9. Irina Baronova and Yura Lazovsky stop traffic in Mexico City's busiest street, while they talk it over, between one curb and the other.
10. M. and Mme. Fokine, and Mmes. Chase and Baronova pose under the Diego Rivera mural at Cuernavaca.
11. A rehearsal of the Tschaikowsky Trio showing Massine exhorting Lucia Chase and several attentive members of the company.
12. Jean Hunt and Nora Kaye watch the little birdie, while the photographer "gets" them at a rehearsal.

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DANCER . . . IN THE ARMY

(*Continued from page* 11)

that was to open in two weeks. So we just waited.

Moss told me to look up a friend of his, a guy named Walter Bernstein, who was in my company. He was a writer and a right guy and proved a godsend! Once we managed to drive to the State Teachers College to see Hanya and her group — (Walter's wife, Marva Spelman, was dancing with her). On the way back, we made plans for the operation of the Service Club. We were certain that the two of us could change any plans that the three hostesses had made — and we were right. The hostesses were charming but their work was new to them. They were willing and anxious to get suggestions on a system of entertainment for the boys. We formed an orchestra, organized special interest clubs such as stamps and photographs, arranged floor shows with the soldiers as the performers and planned an all-soldier production of "The Hot Mikado" called "The Draft Mikado". This was before the war.

Bobby Short arranged with Michael Todd for us to use his New York production, but we had to wait for script and orchestration to arrive. During this time, we worked out details for the presentation, selected our dancing and singing chorus and contacted townpeople from whom we might borrow later. We made a trip to Atlanta to see about sound equipment only to discover The Metropolitan Opera Company was there. We found Ruthanna Boris and Monna Montez, and quite shocked their hotel manager by spending practically the entire night in their room talking about New York, the Army and dancers. Ruthanna took us to breakfast and then the newspaper photographers came for pictures. We made the front pages in nearly all the Atlanta papers much to our company commander's chagrin. He didn't think it was the proper propaganda — dancers and soldiers. Even when we explained about the opera and showed him one of Ruthanna's pictures in costume from "Samson and Delilah," he merely grunted and said — "She looks like a coochi dancer". We weren't punished because our training period was over. But we were separated. Walter was assigned to Public Relations Office at Benning, and I was transferred to the Morale Office at Fort Jay.

My work at Jay was different since it is so near New York. Morale is no great problem. I planned shows and arranged for artists to come over and entertain. The Summer slipped by, and when Fall came I began studying with Martha. Dorothy Bird and I worked a bit on some of our old numbers only to find they were much improved. Since it was impossible for me to take a job, we soon began to concentrate on solos for Dorothy. What a wonderful dancer that girl is—a sound and thorough technique—a style with quality and color that I believe surpasses any other of the young American dancers.

One morning in November, I found a memo on my desk telling me I would attend a conference called by the Commanding General of the Second Corps Area. I was curious, naturally, at being called so I inquired around and found the conference was to concern theatricals. I arrived much too early and waited nervously as the other people started to arrive. First came Ezra Stone followed by the Corps Area Morale Officer and his assistant — then Sidney Kingsley and Walter Brown, director of Social Activities at Governors Island. After we waited the proper time, the General was announced. I think one of the greatest morale builders for our C.A. would be for the soldiers to know what a brilliant leader they have. The General told us how he believed entertainment should come *from* the soldiers instead of being presented *to* them. He desired that a theatre section be started whereby enlisted men could write, direct, and produce their own shows. We were to draw up a plan for the operation of such. This we did in a little more than a week, and then our theatre section became a reality.

We who attended the conference became the central board operating at Corps Area Headquarters. (My title was Corps Area Choreographer). We operate as a unit and give advice and direction to any camp, post or station in the Corps Area. If a camp has eight men and a play, but no director, we send them a director. If they have the talent and director, but no play, we arrange to have royalty cleared on a play that suits the means. Since our office has been function-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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DANCER IN THE ARMY

(*Continued from page* 31)

ing, work has been done at every camp in the Corps Area. Even a weekly newspaper, called "Morale Minutes", has been started.

Since the first of the year, I have been at West Point directing the Hundredth Night Show for the Cadets. It is a joy to work with these young men who will soon become officers in the United States Army. They are the pick of the nation. Their schedule is a tedious one—much stricter than that of the soldier or any dancer. In their two free hours a day, they work as hard at recreation as they do at calculus.

They have as many numbers in their show as would be found in a New York musical, and these must be done in about an eighth of the time. None of the men are dancers, but they have strength and can count, so their show will have movement enough. They wrote the book and music and have done all the work themselves.

It has been especially difficult, since our declaration of war, because the Cadets' schedule has been practically doubled. But the results will be better because they have intensified their work on the show also. If it were a soldier show, it would tour the Corps Area playing to all the camps—but the training of the Cadets cannot be interrupted.

Dancers who are going into the Army, do not worry. There is a place for you, if you will take the trouble to find or make it. If there is no entertainment unit in your outfit, make one. Plan some form of show and submit it to your Commanding Officer. He will be only too happy to give his fullest cooperation to anything that will benefit his troops. You will lose nothing that you can't get back in a month of concentrated work.

The things you will learn will benefit you later in any form of dance or theatre.

Not only is it work you will like, but it is a good and important work. We will learn to operate with the minimum of time, talent and money. The aim of our particular group is not to see how closely we can simulate a Broadway production. We are formed to supply creative entertainment that will have meaning to a soldier audience. A show does not have to be weighty to be meaningful; there is significance in the flimsiest blackout sketch if it is done in camp by men who have worked together that day in the field. And the War has only put a sharper edge on our entertainment efforts. It is impossible these days to put on a trivial Army show.

* * *

SUMMER FESTIVAL

(*Continued from page* 29)

one in a dream, trying to write a coherent account of what I had witnessed, when Mr. Rogers appeared, asking if I would care to go on an expedition with him directly after lunch. I acquiesced, being anxious to hear his ideas on yesterday's events, and as we went towards the little cross-lake steamer I asked him what, in his opinion, was the reason for Ivanova's sudden reappearance.

"That is what we are going to find out," was his reply. "I am taking you to call on Mme. Ivanova in her hiding place." He refused to answer any more questions.

We climbed the steps of a charming little wooden châlet and rang the bell, but it was a long time before we got any answer — so long, indeed, that Rogers began to fear that Mme Ivanova had gone away.

"It would be just like her to disappear after last night," he remarked, "especially if she knew that I was in the audience. She would know that I would be sure to come over today."

At this moment we heard steps, and the door was opened by an elderly maid who stared at us in amazement. Rogers stepped forward.

"Good day, Anna," he said in Italian. "Is the Signora at home?"

The woman looked at him blankly, and then, as he repeated his question, she stammered out "La Signora! La Signora!" and stopped again, and the tears started to roll down her cheeks.

Rogers took her by the arm. "Calm yourself, Anna," he said. "What is wrong with the Signora?"

Anna drew in her breath and then gasped out, "Oh, the storm, the storm, and that wicked girl! Without her the Signora would have stayed in the home."

The wicked girl — I thought that must be Lisa, and I waited to hear more.

Rogers grew impatient. "But where is the Signora," he said. "Tell me, Anna. Tell me at once."

"She is dead," sobbed Anna, "dead," and she gaped at us, the tears streaming down. After a while she grew calm and managed to give us an account of the disaster, which I will give you without all Anna's exclamations.

It appears that all yesterday Ivanova was restless, exclaiming continually that she did not want "that little fair creature" to dance her beloved *Swan Lake*.

"I want to dance it once more," she kept on saying, "only just once more."

As the day wore on she became more and more depressed and finally declined to eat any dinner, saying that she would have tea brought to her in the garden. Anna felt that a storm was brewing, so she took a tea tray onto the terrace as quickly as possible and then returned to the dining room to clear the table. Then came the storm. At the first enormous flash, Anna ran out to find her mistress. "And she was there beside the roses struck quite dead," Anna sobbed again.

Rogers and I exchanged glances. "It must have been very late when this happened," he said, thinking of the performance and then the journey across the lake.

"Late?" said Anna, "Oh, no, the Signora dines at 8 o'clock, but she wouldn't eat and so I took out the tea some minutes later. I was in the kitchen when the clock struck 8:30 and then at once came the flash. So it was just after the half hour when she was killed, my poor mistress."

Just after the half hour the lightning flashed and destroyed in this secluded valley. In Bords du Lac the curtain rose at 8:30 and a few seconds later Ivanova appeared —

Ivanova — or what?

Rogers and I stared at each other with growing horror, but neither dared ask the question which trembled on our lips.

Who had danced the *Swan Lake* last night?

* * *

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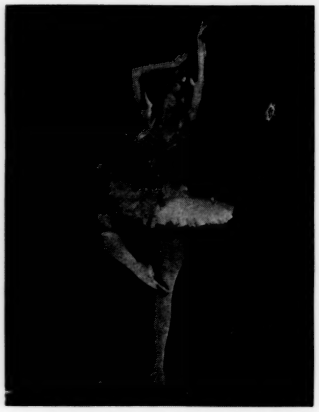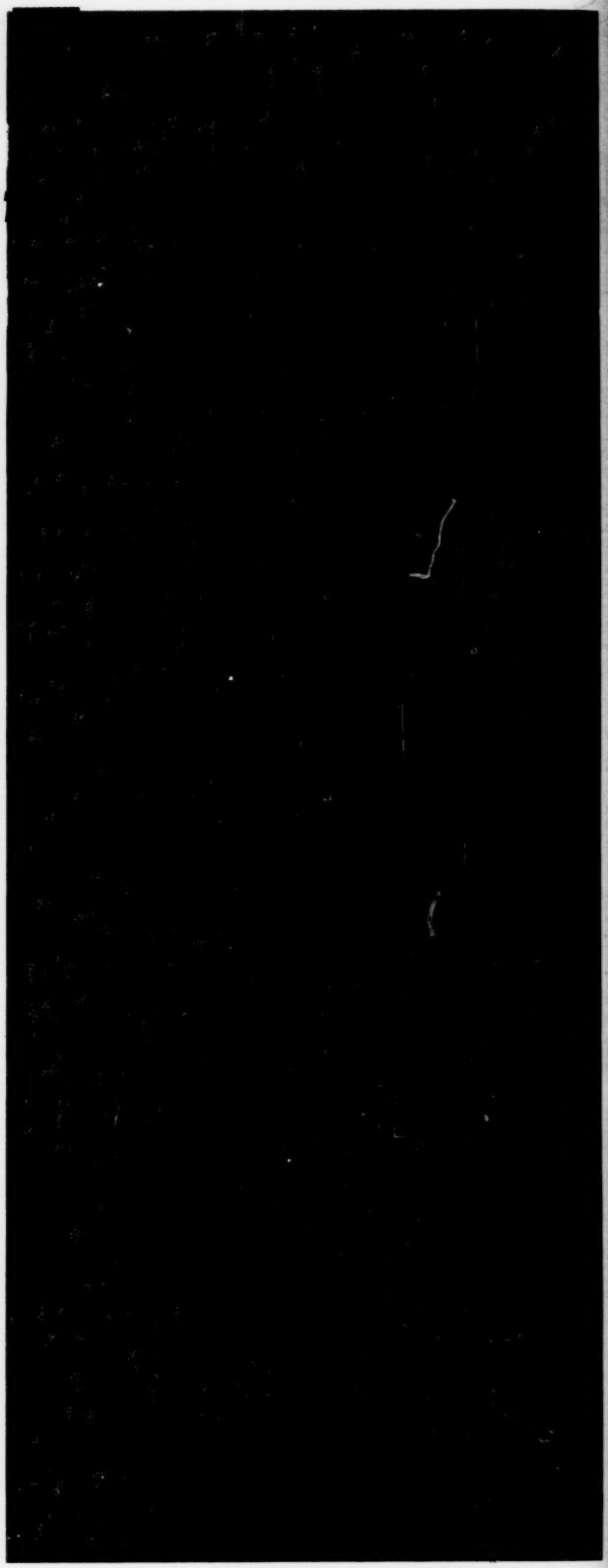
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